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GERALD BOYNE:

A Novel.

BY

T. W. EAMES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



London :

SAMUEL TINSLEY,

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GERALD BOYNE.

CHAPTER I.

A BANK HOLIDAY.

AT ten o'clock the next morning Boyne was ascending the steps which led to the entrance of the —— Hospital.

“Could you tell me where Mr. Carroll is?” asked he of the porter.

“He’s in the hospital, somewhere or other, sir,” replied the man: “but as for telling you where he is, I can’t, and I don’t know whether anybody else, except himself, can; for he’s here, there, and everywhere in a minute. He flies about like a message sent by telegraph.”

“You want Mr. Carroll, sir?” said a dirty-looking man, who had his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his elbows.

Boyne replied in the affirmative.

"He was in the dead-house, along with some other of the young gentlemen, only five minutes ago," remarked the man.

"Well," said the porter, "that isn't telling the gentleman where he is, Tipple."

"No, I know it isn't, Blabagin," replied the dirty-looking man, fiercely. "I know as well as you do that it was only telling him where he was; but that was more than you could tell the gentleman. Your gold-lace hatband don't agree with ye, Blabagin; it makes ye too doosed sharp."

"It's a pity that you dead-house porters haven't got more work to do," said the man with the gold-lace hatband.

"P'raps you'll be kind enough to mizzle off to the 'appy 'unting-grounds without giving no notice, and let me have the honour of sewing up yer old wooden pump of a nut after your *post-mortem*," retorted the man with the turned-up sleeves.

"I shan't bandy words with a feller like you, 'Tipple!" exclaimed the door-porter, indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" sniggled the dead-house

man. "You think yerself a swell, because you wear a bit of gold lace, and write out admission-cards for the patients; but you mustn't call me a feller, or it might be dangerous for that 'ere dignified conk of yours."

A pretty young woman, attired in a clean print dress, with white apron in front of its skirt, and a close white cap which made her look very coquettish, passed near the porter's box at this moment.

"Nurse Tippet," said the porter, calling after her, "could you tell me where Mr. Carroll is?"

"He was in Ward 5," replied the pretty nurse; "but I think he's in Mr. Jenkins's room now."

"Mr. Jenkins, sir," said the porter, turning to Boyne, "is Sir Evan Dollopson's physician's assistant. His room is just by Ward 5: you'll see 'Physician's Assistant' painted on it in large white capital letters. That young lady," the gallant porter smirked, and indicated the pretty nurse with his right hand, "is going that way. If you'll follow her, I've no doubt she'll be good enough to show you Mr. Jenkins's room, sir."

"With pleasure, sir," replied the young lady, with an approving glance at Gerald's person.

"Now, Mr. Tipple, if you please!" exclaimed the porter, in a stern voice, "let us settle our little dispute."

"Take off yer 'at and coat, an' I'm ready for yer!" answered Mr. Tipple.

As Gerald at once followed his pretty guide upstairs, he did not witness the settlement of the dispute; but, from scuffling of feet, the dull thuds of blows, and shouts of "Go it, Tipple!" and "Give it him, Blabagin!" our friend concluded that he had missed a very pretty little encounter.

"Blabagin and Tipple are always quarrelling," remarked Nurse Tippet. "If they don't look out, the committee will discharge them both. Such goings-on don't look respectable in a place of this sort."

"Not very, certainly," replied Gerald smiling.

"Are you a medical gentleman, sir?" inquired the nurse.

"No."

"Mr. Carroll is a nice gentleman!" ex-

claimed the nurse, enthusiastically. "He's liked by everybody—patients, us nurses, Sisters, doctors, and all. He's got a kind word and a smile for all. He treats 'em all alike, poor and rich. If the patients were his own brothers and sisters, he couldn't be kinder to 'em. He's not stuck up, like some of 'em; he's fond of a lark—I don't mean any harm—with us, when the Sisters are out of the way."

By this time they had arrived at the landing on the top of the stairs.

"There," said the pretty nurse, "you can hear his voice; they're singing—glee-singing. He and Mr. Jenkins, and Mr. Newton and Mr. Pott, often give us a concert of an evening. That's the door. Good morning, sir."

The pretty nurse curtsied, and departed.

Boyne knocked at the door.

"Come in!" roared a deep bass voice.

The scene that met Boyne's eyes on his entrance into the room was a comical one. Stretched out at full length upon a small couch placed near the window of the plainly and anything but luxuriously furnished apartment, was a jolly-looking, fat-faced, red-bearded

man, of about thirty; in front of the fireplace, with his shoulders leaning against the mantelshelf, and his whole demeanour expressive of the greatest composure and cool assurance (in fact, he looked as if the destruction of the world would not have disturbed him in the slightest), stood the medical dandy, Mr. Newton; in the only easy chair that the room contained, and with one of his long legs dangling carelessly over one of its arms, lolled a tall gentleman, with a thin, sallow-complexioned, hairless face, indented with a few small-pock marks, and enlivened by a pair of watery black eyes; while, seated upon the table, with a poker in his hand for a conductor's bâton, leading, with as tristful an expression as his merry-looking countenance would permit of, the good old "Vicar of Bray," was Mr. Carroll. The moment Carroll caught sight of our hero, he threw down the poker, and advanced to meet him with outstretched arms.

"My dear Boyne," exclaimed he, "welcome, thrice welcome, to this noble institution, consecrated by the benevolent to the alleviation of the ills of humanity! Allow me to introduce

you to my professional brothers-in-arms. That gentleman there," he indicated the fat-faced, red-bearded man, "is Mr. Jenkins, the eminent physician's assistant to the illustrious Sir Evan Dollopson, who has acquired his world-wide reputation by little knowledge and a great fluke; that gentleman leaning against the mantel-shelf is my old friend Mr. Newton, the Adonis of the hospital; and that"—he pointed towards the tall individual—"is Mr. Pott, called by us, in our jovial moments, the Quart Pot. And my friend, gentlemen"—he took hold of Gerald's hand—"is Mr. Gerald Boyne, one of the best fellows alive when he isn't in one of his melancholic fits."

Each of the three gentlemen shook hands very warmly with Gerald, and declared themselves delighted to make the acquaintance of any friend of Mr. Carroll's.

"Will you smoke?" asked Mr. Jenkins of Gerald.

"No," said Carroll, "I must take him through a few of the wards first."

"Then you had better go at once."

"We will."

Carroll took Boyne's arm, and left the

assistant-physician's room, followed by Mr. Pott and Mr. Newton.

"We'll have a peep at the surgical wards first," said Carroll. "We'll go through this one."

The quartette entered a large ward.

"I say, Carroll, this is strange," remarked Newton.

"What?" inquired Mr. Carroll.

"Why, don't you see who's in that corner over there?"

"Sir Jasper Soaper. He must be in a precious funk about a case, to come here in the morning." Carroll turned towards Boyne,—
"Look at that smart little gentleman, that's talking away so glibly to that knot of students."

"Well, what of him?" asked Boyne.

"Why he's the great surgeon, Sir Jasper Soaper. A good surgeon, but one of the biggest humbugs this world has ever produced, and the very personification of vanity. He cares as much for the applause which his toadies lavishly bestow upon his bad jokes as for that which the world deservedly gives him for his skilful operations. He's one of the

most flowery and artificial of men. I'd never advise anybody to place much faith in him; he's guided solely by his own interest. He's a worldly cynic of the worst order."

"Not a nice man to meet," exclaimed Boyne.

"Except professionally," replied Carroll.

"Then people would be glad if they could do without him."

"That objection applies to the whole of our profession."

"We're necessary evils," exclaimed Mr. Newton, laughing.

"There's a lovely specimen of an ulcer on that man's leg," remarked Carroll, pointing to a patient.

"And that's one of the most beautiful compound fractures I ever saw," exclaimed Mr. Pott, rapturously, as he directed Boyne's attention to another sufferer.

"Really those two gentlemen are proceeding very artistically with that bandaging," said Gerald, as he watched two students bandaging a limb.

"Surgeons are artists," remarked Mr. Pott, proudly.

"When they do their work well," added Carroll, "and bunglers when they don't. A surgeon who can't execute what his mind conceives is no more an artist than a bad actor, a daubing painter, or a sculptor that lacks skill to chisel out his design."

"Come now, Carroll, no long harangues. Let us trot quickly through the other wards. I expect Mr. Boyne has had quite enough of this sort of thing. We must remember that medicine and surgery possess but little interest except for their professors."

"The most glorious profession that humanity has invented—to cure the sickly, to alleviate the sufferings of the dying," remarked Mr. Pott.

"Shut up, Quart Pot! No cant!" interposed Carroll. "Doctors only labour for money, just the same as most other people. Because men are doctors, that doesn't make them any better than any other men. As for the profession, it's good enough for those who like it, and have strong stomachs."

"Quiet, profane one!" said Mr. Pott, pulling a long face.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll, brusquely,

as they walked out of the ward. "You talk like a quack."

Then they visited the other wards of the hospital, Carroll introducing Boyne in a humorous fashion to the nurses, the Sisters, and the patients, from the comical paralytic that could not take a step steadily with his eyes shut, to the hydrocephalic baby, that looked at one as gravely as any old judge.

"I don't like the Sisters," said Mr. Pott; "they always seem to me to be Jesuits in disguise."

"You're troubled with the Jesuit fever, as well as other fools, then," exclaimed Carroll.

"Your remarks are not over-complimentary this morning," retorted Mr. Pott.

"You never expect compliments from Carroll, do you?" put in Newton.

"Nor wit from Newton," retorted Carroll: "all his brains are absorbed in his dress."

Then they returned to the assistant physician's room, and found that worthy enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

"Come, load your pipes, gentlemen; load your pipes!" exclaimed that hospitable official.

"Well," said Carroll, "we'll just have one

pipe, and then I vote we go somewhere for the day."

"Right!" exclaimed Mr. Newton.

"Right!" said Mr. Pott.

"You can come, of course?" said Carroll to Mr. Jenkins, as he was lighting his pipe.

"Well," replied Jenkins, after a meditative pause, "I think I may venture, as this isn't one of old Dollopson's days. I have been my morning rounds, so I shan't be wanted until this evening. Barker always does my work when I'm out. I think I will join you."

"Where shall we go?" asked Carroll.

"Let us take a walk along the river side," suggested Pott.

"Walk to Richmond," said Jenkins.

"No; that's too far," objected Newton.

"Well, then, lazy, let us make a compromise," said Carroll. "We'll go by train as far as Putney; then walk on to Richmond, and dine there. After dinner, we will go along the river's bank until we are opposite Teddington; then we'll ferry across, trudge through Bushy to Hampton, take a hurried glance at the Palace and the people (omitting

the Maze), proceed to Kingston, and take the train back."

"Bravo!" said Jenkins, "the very thing."

"We had better start at once, or else it will make it so awfully late before we return, and trains are rather unpleasantly crowded on bank-holiday nights," said Pott.

"I second Mr. Pott's motion," exclaimed Newton. "We'll be off to the railway-station at once."

"Gentlemen," interposed Carroll, "before the motion proposed by my most excellent friend Quart Pot, and so ably seconded by my respected friend Mr. Newton, be carried into effect, I beg to be allowed to propose an amendment. It is, gentlemen, that the whole of the members of this meeting adjourn to the 'Crown' for the purpose of introducing our friend Boyne to the prettiest barmaid in London, and also for the imbibing of some of the host's particularly fine brown sherry."

"Agreed! agreed!" was the unanimous reply.

They immediately put on their hats and left the hospital.

"You see that man?" said Carroll to Boyne,

indicating a dull-eyed, muddy-complexioned young man who was coming towards them.

"Yes," replied Boyne.

"He's the greatest sweat in the hospital," remarked Carroll. "He takes gold medals and everything else, and yet there is not one particle of original talent in him. He's the very type of the plodding examination-crammer. He has not the tact to make use of his acquired knowledge practically. All his gatherings from other people's brains are scarcely of any value to him, because he has not common sense. A man with not a quarter of his knowledge of facts, tolerably supplied with *nous*, is worth a dozen of him. That fellow is one of the most priggish, conceited numskulls that exist. He's a bore to everybody but himself."

By this time, they had reached the private entrance of the "Crown." They proceeded to the bar, behind which stood a pretty, dark-haired, modestly attired young damsel, quite unlike the generality of ladies of that profession, who flaunt in showy costumes, rouge-bedecked cheeks, and false flaxen locks, at the establishments of some of our eminent

restaurateurs, for the purpose of beguiling weak young gentlemen, with (in any case) more money than wit, into paying half a sovereign a bottle for the abominable mixture that their employers call champagne, but which is not as good as English gooseberry.

Each of the four medicals shook hands with the young lady, and wished her good-day. Carroll then introduced Boyne to her as a particular friend of his, and ordered five glasses of brown sherry, which were promptly served.

"Capital appetizer, brown sherry," remarked Mr. Carroll; then, handing a tin to Boyne, he said,—“Try one of these luncheon biscuits, old fellow; they are fine.”

He was crunching one between his teeth when he offered the tin to Boyne.

“If every one was as fond of those biscuits as you are, Mr. Carroll, we should have to charge for them,” said the barmaid.

“The host of the ‘Crown’ charges extra for sherry, so he can well afford to give the biscuits in.”

“But he doesn’t water his sherry.”

“Every publican says that.”

"If he did, he wouldn't get your patronage."

"That's cracking me up as a regular wine-bibber."

"That's what you are, whenever you can afford it."

"You're hitting me harder and harder, Miss Smith," said Carroll, with a laugh; then turning to Boyne,—“You mustn't become enamoured of this young lady, for her affections are engaged.”

"Mr. Carroll!" said Miss Smith, blushing.

"Or, if she isn't engaged," continued the rattler, "her affections are divided between two, and she doesn't know which to choose. I often find a handsome young saddler and a handsome young linendraper here of an evening. The saddler's name is Moffatt; the linendraper's, Pippett. Pippett's a very good fellow; so is Moffatt. I've taken wine with both of them. I don't know which of them I should prefer the lady to take; so, perhaps she had better make her own choice."

"You impudent fellow!" exclaimed the young lady.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Jenkins, "Miss Smith had better toss up."

"Well," said Carroll, "I will do it for her. When in doubt, always toss; so here goes!" He took a coin from his pocket, flipped it into the air with his thumb, caught it, laid it on the counter, and covered it with his hand. "Heads for Moffatt; tails Tippet!" cried he. "Tails! It's Tippet. You will be able to get your silk dresses cheap."

"What nonsense you do go on with!" said Miss Smith, laughing.

"Now then, boys, finish your sherry, and let us be off!" exclaimed Carroll; then, turning to the pretty barmaid, he said, "I'll speculate on the number of little Tippetts, and whether they will be vaccinated or not vaccinated, another day."

He threw a kiss with his finger-tips to the lady, and withdrew, followed by his friends.

"What class are you going by?" asked Newton, when they had arrived at the station.

"Third," replied Carroll; "for, if we went first, we should most probably have to come back third."

"There will be such a lot of people in the third."

"Well, then, we will study them. I like studying low life sometimes."

"As you like," said Newton, with a shrug.

They got their tickets, and proceeded to the platform, where their train was.

"You're surely not going into that beastly bullock-truck!" exclaimed Pott, seizing hold of Carroll's arm, as he was opening the door of one of the dirtiest and most disreputable-looking thirds that was ever put on at holiday time.

"Yes, I am," said Carroll. "We can study low life better here, for the roughs always select a dirty, uncomfortable carriage in preference to a clean one. They seem out of their element in anything that's decent and comfortable."

They entered this ugly, ill-built truck, which was fitter for the conveyance of beasts than of human beings, but which the fertile imagination of a railway director would probably magnify into "a spacious and luxurious travelling-carriage."

Newton selected a seat in the middle, away from the windows.

"Afraid you'll be seen by any of your friends?" exclaimed Carroll, laughing.

"Well," replied Newton, "I must say I should not like to be seen in such a den as this."

"No," said Carroll, "you don't exactly look as if you ought to be one of its denizens."

"What a wretched pun!" cried the students. "Turn him out! turn him out!"

Presently more passengers entered, and, by the time the train started, there was as disreputable and dirty a carriageful as one could meet in a day's march. Not one individual in it, our friends of course excepted, but looked as if he had been up drinking half the night. Such faces they had!—some thin, pinched, and cadaverous; others bloated and pasty, with swollen eyelids and bleary eyes: some half asleep, and not yet recovered from the last night's debauch; others joking and amusing themselves with rough horse-play, and sending forth such strings of oaths as would make a city missionary tremble and turn pale; and one or two smacking their lips with intense delight over the morning nip of gin which they had just taken from a moderate-sized

medicine-bottle. The rags and tatters in which these gentlemen were clothed were sufficiently old and worn, but lacked the picturesqueness, to entitle them to be called things of shreds and patches: they were the clothes of common-place, sordid poverty, not the garbs of romantic tatterdemalionism: here was a fustian coat, begrimed and torn; here a greasy corduroy jacket, ragged at the cuffs, and patched all over; on a dirty-faced little man, much too small for it, hung an old faded frock-coat, of indescribable colour, that had once covered the back of a very different personage, but had gradually found its way through the servants' hands to the slop-shop, and from the slop-shop to its present owner. Their trousers and feet-coverings—one would almost feel inclined to call them feet-uncoverings—were on a par with their jackets; and as for their head-coverings, such a collection could never have been seen before, except at the stock-taking of an "old clo'" shop: glengarries untasselled and without the nap (it takes an age to wear the nap off a glengarry); billycocks, with holes at the top, and tufts of hair sticking through them; battered chimney-

pots, one mass of water-mark; bowlers, with broken brims; fur turbans, minus the fur; and peakless old cloth caps. The beards of these gentry were of every cut that could possibly make a man uglier than nature intended him to be: chin-tufts, with shaven upper lips; clean-shaven faces, with the exception of nasty stubbly rolls underneath the chin; and bristly faces, with beards of a week's growth.

"By Jove!" whispered Newton to Carroll, with a shudder, "what a ruffianly set!"

"You had better not let them hear you say so," answered Carroll, "or else you may get pitched out of the window. If you are civil to them, give them a light, or a fill of tobacco, when they ask for it, they will not only not interfere with you, but they will think you a real gentleman, and treat you with the awe which such a superior being begets in them. The worst thing to do with poverty is to turn up your nose at it, and to play the high and mighty with it. It remembers that it is as human as yourself, and feels insulted; and I don't blame it: I should, if I were in its place. Haven't you often felt inclined to kick a cad who treated you superciliously, because he was

of better birth or richer family than yourself? It's the same with these poor specimens of humanity: they don't like to be treated rudely, any more than we do."

Newton was smoking a cigar: his opposite neighbour took a well-coloured clay from his pocket, and filled it with shag from a small paper packet of that tobacco; he was an ugly-faced man, with eyes expressive of nothing whatever, except an over-dose of bad spirits.

"Give me a light, please, sir," said this person to Newton.

Newton acted on Carroll's advice; he smiled, and passed him a vesuvian.

"Much obliged," said the man, applying it to his pipe.

"Quite welcome," replied Newton, most affably.

"Seen a paper this morning, sir?" asked the man, after whiffing away at his pipe for a few moments.

"No," answered Newton.

"Three was worked off at eight o'clock."

"Indeed!" replied Newton, devoutly wishing that his opposite neighbour would keep quiet.

"Yes," continued the man, fixing his besotted eyes on Newton's face; "three, as was as live as you or me, now is dead men—dead as door-nails! They have kicked the bucket, danced on nothing, died in a struggle, as says 'Lord Lovel.' Paper says that Blackfist, wot was 'ung at Newgate for knocking in his old gal's 'ed with a poker, died pretty calm; but that chap Marks, 'im that committed the 'ighway robbery and then slit the chap's throat, made rather a fuss over it."

"Oh!" remarked Newton, inwardly disgusted, outwardly smiling.

"Yes," said the man, quietly. "Well, it arn't a nice thing to 'ave yer life choked out of you, although some says that the sensation arn't so bad. I know I shouldn't like it. Funny that a rope should be able to take away the life of a living man, arn't it?"

"Very," replied Newton, to this profound reflection.

"It's a shame the nobs not letting the public see the executions, like they used to! The nobs was jealous, and wanted all the barney to themselves; that's what I think."

"You're probably in the right," replied Newton.

"Won't the *Perlice Nous* and the *K-lipper* 'ave a dollop on it; and won't *Meynell's* be 'ot on it next Sunday!"

"They certainly go in pretty strong for that sort of thing," replied the disgusted dandy.

"Yes," said his communicative acquaintance; "that's what I like them for. They always give you yer 'ap'orth."

The train stopped at a station.

Two more passengers entered the carriage; they were a couple of itinerant musicians. The one bore a concertina; the other a guitar. In blackguardly appearance, they outrivalled the other occupants of this disreputable third. From the likeness between them, they must have been brothers, and a pretty pair of brothers, too. Their cast of features was not so low in type as that of most of the other travellers, and there was a delicacy about their hands, black-nailed as they were, which was wanting in the others; yet there was something about them which made them more repulsive than the rest. Newton felt that he would sooner trust his opposite neighbour,

for all the interest which he took in executions, than these two new-comers. There was a sort of filch-and-stick-at-nothing look about them, that made you fancy them most unwelcome in a lonely place. They looked as if they had been drunk from their birth. Their faces were bloated, their furtive eyes watery; their chins and cheeks were cleanly shaven, and upon their upper lips were those fashionable appendages, moustaches, which imparted to their rascality a mixture of elegance and ferocity. On their heads were chimney-pot hats, which shone with the peculiar lustre which is easily obtained by the application of a stream from the water-butt; blue frock-coats, white at the seams and worn at the braid-bound edges, were tightly buttoned round their persons; and light trousers, soiled and ragged at the heels, encased their legs.

“Oh!” exclaimed Newton’s acquaintance, when these two persons entered, “now we shall have some music? Do you like music?”

“Yes,” replied Newton, groaning in spirit at the sight of the guitar and concertina.

The train had no sooner started, than the guitar-man drew his fingers once or twice over

the strings, and then commenced a song, which was accompanied by the twanging of his own instrument and the sharp-squeaking concertina.

Newton's opposite neighbour seemed quite to relish the noise, as did all the other passengers, with the exception of the students and Boyne.

"If this continues long, it will drive me cracked!" muttered Carroll.

"If it doesn't drive me cracked, it will crack my tympanum," said Pott.

"There's more music in the rasping of a bone-saw," remarked Jenkins.

"The musical sense of the populace of England is in a very primary state of development," said Carroll.

"I don't care a fig about the musical sense of the English populace; but I wish the School Board would take the itinerant musicians in hand, that some philanthropic person would endow an academy for them, or that Government would extinguish them altogether," said Newton.

"There is an Act against organ-grinders," remarked Pott.

"Yes," replied Carroll; "but what do the organ-grinders care for that? They snap their fingers at you, and go on grinding. They ought to have abolished them altogether. The English Government always does things by halves."

After singing two or three songs to this wretched accompaniment, the hat was passed round. Some let it pass without dropping anything into it; others put in a halfpenny or a penny, apparently unwillingly in most cases. When the hat came to Newton, he reluctantly threw in a copper, very much to the disgust of Carroll, who told him that he ought not to encourage such vagabonds.

"But," replied Newton, "I could not exactly help it. I felt a sort of unwilling inclination, just the same as when the plate is passed to one in church."

"Then," said Carroll, in a paternal tone, "a man of your age ought to have resisted it. You are quite old enough to know good from evil!"

"Bravo, Carroll! Give him a moral lecture!" cried the rest.

"No, gentlemen," said Carroll; "it's only a lecture on political economy, the gist of which is that, if we want to get rid of organ-

grinders and other unmusical nuisances, the best way is to starve them into adopting a more profitable trade."

"Pack them off to Fiji, to enlighten the natives," suggested Jenkins.

"I don't care what's done with them, as long as they are not allowed to outrage the ears of cultivated Britons," replied Carroll.

The train entered Putney station.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Newton, when they had left the carriage. "I am glad we have got rid of this crew!"

"I am sure you got on very well with your 'anging' friend," said Carroll.

"So I did; but I am jolly glad I have got rid of him."

"I am not sorry to have left their company: the odour was not very agreeable."

"Then you are rather tired of studying low life?"

"Yes."

They walked on by the river's side, chatting and smoking, until they came to Richmond.

"Now," said Carroll, stopping before an inn, "this is where I generally put up. Isn't that luncheon - bar crammed!" he popped

in at the door. "We'll go to the dining-room."

He led the way to the dining-room; the others followed.

"What have you?" asked he of the waiter.

The waiter placed the bill of fare before him.

"Sucking-pig," said Carroll, glancing at it.

"Don't like sucking-pig—too much like boiled baby. Fowl: not substantial enough for a long walk. Roast beef: shall we have roast beef?" inquired he of the others.

"That'll do very well, I should think," said Boyne.

"Capital!" replied Mr. Jenkins.

"Easily digested," exclaimed Pott.

Newton replied by a careless nod.

"Then bring me the joint of beef and some vegetables," said Carroll, addressing the waiter, "and—five of us—five pints of beer."

"No beer for me," said Newton, interrupting him. "I can't drink much beer."

"And beer's too heavy for my digestion," exclaimed Pott.

"What!" said Carroll, looking at them with astonishment, "you two fellows won't have beer?"

"No," replied both, simultaneously.

"You, Newton, are above beer; and beer is above our old Quart Pot, who, from his name, ought to be able to stow away two gallons of it at least. What will you drink, then, you two fastidious gentlemen? What will you take, Mr. Exquisite? and what will suit your valetudinarian habits, Mr. Chronic Dyspeptic?"

"I think I should like claret," remarked Newton, nonchalantly.

"So should I," said Mr. Pott.

"Are you two above beer?" inquired Carroll of Boyne and Jenkins.

"Not when we can get it," replied they, laughing.

"Well, then, waiter," said Carroll, turning to that official, "bring three pints of beer for us three Englishmen, and a bottle of vin ordinaire for those foreign gentlemen."

Waiter gave a hurried "Yessir," and vanished.

"You see that very little, neatly dressed old gentleman by the fireplace?" said Carroll to Boyne.

"Yes."

"I don't think I've ever seen another such

a small specimen of humanity that wasn't a deformity."

"He's almost a dwarf, and yet in perfect proportion," said Boyne.

"Quite a unique specimen," exclaimed Pott, enthusiastically. "He ought to bequeath his body to our museum."

"A bit of a dandy, too," remarked Newton.

"Look at the queer little creature sipping away at his brandy-and-soda," said Jenkins.

"That's his daily labour," replied Carroll.

"No matter what hour of the day you come in here—he's the master of this place—you'll find him pegging away at pegs; excuse a bad pun. I should think his average must be between thirty and forty a day. Yet they're just like water on a duck's back: they don't seem to harm him in the least. What age would you take him to be?"

"Fifty, perhaps," replied Boyne.

"Seventy, if not more," said Carroll.

"He's quite a curiosity," exclaimed Pott.

"He is. Do you see him touching the bright edge of the fender? That's one of his peculiarities—he must touch everything bright. He's like Doctor Johnson and the posts. If

he's going upstairs, he's bound to touch the stair-rods; he must touch his boots every now and then; he can't help fingering the plate. It's a lark to see him when he's annoyed about anything; he goes about spitting and sputtering like a great cat. He's a silent member; he rarely speaks unless he's spoken to."

When they had finished their repast, Carroll asked the waiter what they had to pay.

"Well, sir," said the waiter, "five dinners at three shilling each."

"Three shillings!" exclaimed Carroll, interrupting him. "I never pay more than half-a-crown."

"Yes, sir, but prices are riz—bank 'oliday, sir!" remonstrated the waiter.

"But we are not bank-'olidayites!"

"Can't help that, sir. It's a bank 'oliday hall the same."

"Oh!" said Carroll, "prices are riz on bank 'oliday, are they? Then, our appetites are riz, too!" (To waiter, who was about to remove the roast beef.) "You needn't take away that joint: we haven't had our extra six-pennyworth yet."

The waiter pulled down the corners of his mouth and retired.

They all set to again with a will, and made the joint look small, and the small proprietor of the establishment, who was grinning at them with rage, smaller.

"I think we've had our extra sixpenny-worth now," exclaimed Carroll, throwing himself back in his chair. "I suppose we had better stop, or else we shall cause the death of our old B.-and-S. friend. He's getting quite black in the face from watching us now. I was determined I wouldn't be done; I hate being imposed upon. I don't see why inn-keepers, on days like this, when they get such a quantity of custom that they could well afford to lower their ordinary tariff, should always stick it on and give you bad stuff into the bargain. My little friend is getting blacker and blacker. I'll just go and have a talk with him, and try to calm him. If he died, they may convict us for manslaughter."

Carroll walked up to the fireplace.

"Fine day, Mr. Dendybricks," remarked the medical student, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, sir," said the little man, very gruffly, taking a sip of his brandy-and-soda, and looking as if he were undecided whether to be quarrelsome or good-tempered.

"Good-day for the holiday folks."

"Yes." The old gentleman's voice sounded very civil and very unfriendly.

"You must be doing a good trade to-day, Mr. Dendybricks."

The little man could restrain himself no longer.

"Not if all my customers ate like you and your friends," he blurted out, angrily.

"We did it with a purpose, Mr. Dendybricks," said Carroll, coolly.

"With the purpose of not leaving me a half-penny profit," exclaimed the innkeeper.

"No," answered Carroll ; "on purpose to get our three shillings' worth. You put it on on a bank holiday ; so we thought we'd do the same, only in a different way. I don't think an old customer like myself ought to be treated in such a manner."

The little man gave an angry "Eh?"

"I don't think an old customer ought to be treated in such a manner," reiterated Carroll.

The little gentleman looked at the fire-irons, stroked the tip of his nose, moved his legs about uneasily for a few moments, blew his nose, stared at the other customers, and then, turning towards Carroll, said, in a low whisper, "New waiter—doesn't know you, I suppose—made a mistake—very sorry—hope it won't occur again—trust that you're not offended—of course you'll only be charged the same as usual, half-a-crown (your friends included), only don't let any of the others know."

He winked in a sly manner with his right eye, and indicated the bank-holidayites by a significant but unobtrusive gesture.

"Certainly not," replied Carroll, winking in return. "I only want to save my own purse and the purses of my friends. You can bamboozle your other patrons until they won't stand it any longer, for all I care. If they can't perceive that they are being cheated, I won't enlighten them. By-the-bye, now you've reduced your price to half-a-crown, I wish I hadn't cut into that joint quite as much."

"So do I," answered the innkeeper, with a rueful look.

"Well," exclaimed Carroll, "it's all your own fault, Mr. Dendybricks. You should have informed your waiter that I was an 'old customer'."

"And if you cut away at my joint like that again for half-a-crown, I most devoutly pray that you may go to the 'old customer,'" replied the irritated Dendybricks.

"Well, don't get melancholy and suicidal about sixpence," said Carroll, laughing. "We'll make it up to you."

"Future custom?" exclaimed the little man, eagerly.

"No," replied Carroll, "present custom. I'll get my friends to have some of that good old Irish whiskey of yours."

"One, two, three, four, five," muttered the old man, half aloud; "I suppose that will make up for the meat they've wasted." Then, to Carroll, "You couldn't do better than get your friends to try our whiskey, sir. It's in splendid condition. I've never had a better lot in since I've been proprietor of this establishment."

"I will, then," said Carroll, going back to the table at which his friends were seated.

"You've had rather a long talk with the spruce little gentleman," remarked Jenkins.

"Yes," replied Carroll; "and I've brought him down to his original terms—two-and-six. But, as I am afraid the reduction will probably cause him to indulge in thoughts of suicide, I think we had better make it up to him. He sells excellent Irish whiskey. Let us have some, if the dyspeptic and the exquisite will join us."

"A little spirit after a meal is an aid to digestion," said Pott.

Newton raised no objection, so Carroll called the waiter to him and gave the requisite order. When the little innkeeper saw his serving-man place five tumblers and five measures of whiskey before the party, his eyes sparkled, and something approaching a smile played about his mouth; but, as he saw Carroll toss his measure into a glass, lift it up to the light, examine its colour, shake his head dubiously, take a little sip of it, and then give vent to an uncomplimentary expletive which evidently referred to the liquor, the corners of his mouth went down, and he hastened up to the table at which Carroll was seated.

"Anything wrong with the whiskey, sir?" inquired he, with a troubled expression of countenance.

"Wrong!" exclaimed Carroll, elevating his eyebrows; "there's nothing right with it. Look at that."

He held out the glass to the innkeeper.

"Well, sir."

"Is that what your best whiskey ought to look like?"

The little man put on a double-barrelled eye-glass, and took a good stare at the whiskey.

"Well, it is rather cloudy," he remarked, presently.

"Rather cloudy!" exclaimed Carroll, contemptuously. "It's as bad as a November fog. Now taste it."

The innkeeper did as he was requested.

"Dear me!" said he, making a grimace, "that fool of a waiter has given you the wrong."

"Made another mistake," remarked Carroll; "given us the whiskey you have provided for the bank-holidayites."

"Yes," replied the little man, grinning.

"Well, if the bank-holidayites are fools enough to pay for such wretched stuff as this, they deserve to be cheated. It's as oily and as fiery as the regions below."

"It is new," said the little man, apologetically.

"It is," replied Carroll, emphatically.

The innkeeper whispered a few words to one of his attendants, and in a minute or two our friends were supplied with some of Mr. Dendybrick's best, in place of the oily and fiery compound that he had provided for his chance customers.

After leaving Richmond they proceeded on their way, without anything of much interest occurring, along the river's bank, across the ferry, through Teddington and Bushy, to Hampton. They made their way through the grounds as quickly as the living throng which surrounded them, pushing and rushing in every direction, permitted them to. They all had their share of inviting looks from numberless unattended pretty girls; but they magnanimously resisted "the diabolical fascinations of the Circes," to use a grandiloquent expression of Mr. Carroll's.

"What a heterogeneous mass!" exclaimed Newton, putting his fingers into his watch-pocket, to make certain that the valuable and useful piece of jewellery which usually reposed in it had not been stolen.

"Yes," replied Carroll; "and how picturesquely the classes are jumbled together!"

And they were so, truly. Showily dressed servant-girls, giggling and bold, arm-in-arm with pert-looking shop-boys; laughing young ladies from linendrapers' shops, with sentimental lavender kid-gloved merchants' clerks; independent working men, in rough blue reefers, curiously hued ties, and bowler hats; respectable black-coated, paterfamilias, with their stout, comfortable-looking wives and gaily dressed children; awkward gapers, with lower limbs that got into everybody's way, who stared at everything and took in nothing; half-tipsy husbands and anxious, haggard wives; sweethearts, oblivious to everything (future misery included) but their own bliss; prying know-alls, that make a business out of a day's pleasure; a newspaper reporter or two, jotting down mental notes for a sensational article; newly married couples, looking as

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if they considered everybody else as nobody ; nigger minstrels, greatly exhilarated by frequent two-pennyworths of neat gin ; old maids, poking their noses into everything, as only old maids can ; raggamuffins, who rejoiced in their vagabondry ; vagabonds, who, from their sour looks, appeared to take the universal gaiety of the place as an insult ; and policemen, who suspected everybody to be a pick-pocket : these were jumbled together in as great a confusion as chaos.

“Look at the old girl in the Bath chair !” exclaimed Newton.

“Old habits stick to one to the last,” philosophized Pott. “You may depend the old lady has been used all her life to go out on boxing-days, Whit Mondays, queen’s birth-days, and other public holidays ; and she will continue the practice even after she has lost the use of her legs—most probably her disease is paralysis”—(the words between the dashes were uttered in an off-hand but decidedly learned manner, and were accompanied by a supercilious raising of the eyebrows) : “she can’t walk, so she will be drawn.”

“You ought to be hung, drawn, and

quartered, if you ever pretend to any powers of observation again," said Carroll, giving the crown of the grave Mr. Pott's hat a blow which sent it far enough over his forehead to put his eyebrows—they were big and bristly enough to have satisfied most men for moustaches—into their natural position again. "Look how tastefully she is dressed, man! Do you think she is at all like the old ladies who usually go out on public holidays? Don't you see that she watches the people with as much curiosity as the people would watch wild animals? Look at the contemptuous smile about her mouth, the curl on her lip; and remark also that she's within an enclosure to which the public are not admitted. She's more likely some old aristocratic pensioner taking her daily airing. And ten to one you're wrong as to her disease. Every now and then she raises her handkerchief to her lips, as if to suppress a cough. Most probably she's a feeble old asthmatic, and not a paralytic at all."

"The matter is too trivial for controversy," replied Mr. Pott, with dignity.

"But not for quasi-philosophic tirades,"

exclaimed Carroll, laughing. "You should leave off such a habit: it's ridiculous even in a German."

"I disdain to reply," said Mr. Pott.

"All right, old fellow," answered Carroll: "disdain to reply, if you like; but pray don't give me your reasons, for you may not have finished them by the time we reach Waterloo to-night."

Mr. Pott walked on in indignant silence.

"We shouldn't see very much if we went in there to-day," remarked Jenkins, looking at the windows of the palace, which were crowded with human forms.

"I think we may as well make tracks towards Kingston," said Carroll, glancing at his watch, "if we intend to catch that train. We only have three-quarters of an hour, which isn't at all too much."

When they arrived at the station, they found that they had a good ten minutes to wait before the train started.

"No bullock-truck this time," said Newton to Carroll.

"No," replied Carroll. "We studied low life this morning; so we'll study vulgar life this

evening. We are almost sure to find it here, gentlemen."

He opened the door of an old first-class carriage, which had lost its internal divisions, and had been metamorphosed into a "third" by the application of a label, on which the name of the class was printed in large black Roman capitals, to the outside of the carriage. It was not empty. There were two old women, burdened with cloaks, umbrellas, and baskets (could an old woman go anywhere without a basket?), and three men (overcoated, of course), all rather the worse for liquor. Our friends had no sooner seated themselves than the two old ladies commenced chatting to them about the weather, and the people, and things in general, judged from their own point of view, which was somewhat wanting in breadth. Jenkins, Carroll, and Boyne contrived to extract some amusement from the old ladies' gossip; but the less genial Newton and the philosophic Pott looked as if they were bored to death.

"I wonder how you can stand the old women's twaddle," whispered Newton to Boyne.

"How Carroll can listen to such rubbish without telling her to shut up, I can't understand," muttered Pott, after one of the old ladies had informed our volatile friend that a pint of boiling water, into which an old horse-shoe had been dipped, was a splendid cure for the "agey."

The three men were "exclusives." They kept entirely to themselves. They kept their jokes to themselves, and their drink to themselves. This behaviour afforded the greatest satisfaction to the other occupants of the carriage, for they were not at all the sort of gentry that most people would care to be acquainted with. They were respectably dressed, and cleanly shaved; but there was an air of jaunty blackguardism about them which one associates with the turf or the card-sharpping fraternity. They did not trouble the company long. They got out at the second station at which the train stopped, and were replaced by a pair of lovers and a couple of "respectable British workmen"—shoemakers, from the breadth of their thumbs, the blackness of their nails, and the general griminess of their hands. Their faces were tolerably

clean. Why cannot British workmen scrub their hands as well as their faces? Nail-brushes are cheap; so is pumice-stone. Perhaps they have not arrived at a sufficiently high state of development to think about their hands. They at once commenced a game—a favourite one with people of their class when they are in their jovial moments—which they continued, almost without intermission, until they arrived at the terminus. It is a very striking game, and, when effectively played, produces a very unpleasant effect on the minds of timid spectators who are not in the secret. First one man begins to “chaff” a companion, who pretends to consider his dignity insulted, and retorts in a personal strain, as:—

1ST PLAYER.—Jack, old boy, you ’re a fool!”

2ND PLAYER (*surlily*).—Go on; you ’re another!

1ST PLAYER (*jeeringly*).—Pooh! you old wooden pump!

2ND PLAYER (*with a grimace*).—Phew! ye old mustard-pot without a top!

1ST PLAYER (*with a* Ha, ha, ha!).—Go on; you ’re a cracked pepper-pot!

2ND PLAYER.—Go on with you!

1ST PLAYER (*knocking tip of 2nd Player's nose*).—He, he, he!

2ND PLAYER (*raising his forefinger, warningly*).—Now, look 'ere, I can stand a good deal, but the man that whacks me on the nose—

1ST PLAYER (*catching him a slap on the face*).—Pooh! you ain't game enough to go in for a mill.

So from "chaff" it comes to playful fisticuffs, which, however delightful they may be to the parties concerned, are decidedly a nuisance to the spectators, as many of the blows fall wide, and come crash on the crown of a beholder's hat, or with more force than he likes upon his shoulder or on his chest or ribs. It is true the offender sometimes apologizes; but that is a poor consolation, although the ill-used person often smiles faintly, and says "It doesn't matter." This game is seen at its highest among the fish-porters in Billingsgate: these men actually knock each other down in sport.

Next to Newton sat one of the old ladies. All of a sudden he felt her give him a sharp nudge in the side. The young exquisite con-

sidered this rather rude ; but, as it may have been unintentional, he decided not to take any notice of it. Presently he received another dig in the side. He turned rather angrily towards her, for the purpose of asking her what she meant by her nudges, and requesting her for the future to keep her nudges to herself ; but the broad grin on the old woman's face, and the jerking of her thumb towards the lovers, attracted his attention.

"Look at 'em !" said the old woman, in a low voice, followed by a series of suppressed chuckles.

Newton did look, and witnessed one of those spoony scenes in which lovers, destitute of common sense, so often indulge, to the disgust and laughter of those that see them.

The amorous couple were seated on opposite seats at one end of the carriage ; their faces were turned towards the window ; their shoulders touched ; the arm of the man embraced the waist of the woman, and their hands were clasped. Every now and then Newton saw the swain imprint a kiss upon the cheek of his innamorata, who received it

so unconcernedly as to render it not improbable that she was pretty well acquainted with such endearments. They whispered, and spooned, and kissed with as much freedom as if the carriage had been empty. They evinced a great deal of sentiment, but no modesty. Newton drew the attention of his friends to them; the two British workmen for a moment or so discontinued their horse-play to gaze upon them. The laugh was general against them: the working men roared, the students gave utterance to gusts which they were utterly unable to suppress, and the old women giggled; and still these two unbashful innocents "spooned" through it all with the greatest effrontery, and kept their faces towards the window, and their hands fast locked in each other's, until the train stopped at Waterloo.

"What shall we do with ourselves to-night?" inquired Carroll, when they had alighted from the train.

"I must go back to the hospital at once," said Jenkins.

"And I have to see a friend—professionally!" exclaimed Pott.

"And I," added Newton, "have an engagement."

"And what have you?" asked Carroll, turning to Boyne.

"Nothing."

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind accompanying me to a theatre?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, good-day, gentlemen," said Carroll to the others. "Boyne and myself must do the best we can without you."

Soon after the two parties separated.

Boyne and Carroll adjourned to a restaurant, to partake of some refreshment.

"Listen to this," said Carroll, reading from a comic paper:—"Important Intelligence.—On Saturday last, the 15th inst., William Stubbs, labourer, killed a pig! Knotty problem:—What will he do with it? Magnificent idea! Eat the bacon, and sell the hams. Alarming *postscript*.—Suppose the pig wasn't Bill Stubbs's?

Him wot prigs what isn't his'n,
If he's cotched is sent to prison!

Profound moral:—If a man wishes to save his bacon, he must first make sure that his bacon's

his own.' Whatever would Lord Macaulay's aboriginal New Zealander think of the English wit of the nineteenth century?"

"I often think that the ballet-girls and the swells ought to be intimately related," remarked Carroll to Boyne, as they were leaving the theatre.

"So they are often," replied Boyne, laughing.

"I don't mean in that way," said Carroll.

"I mean, intimately related by blood ties."

"Why?"

"Because they are so much alike. No two classes are so conspicuous for utter inanity of expression."

"It rains fast," said Boyne.

"It does, my boy. I think we'd better indulge in a cab."

The fine day had turned to a very wet night. The rain was pouring down in torrents upon drenched, wretched-looking creatures, who, but a few hours before, had been playing the maddest and most ridiculous pranks that tipsy mirth ever inspired. Even the storm, severe as it was, could not wholly damp the *spirits* of some boisterous individuals, who shouted, laughed, and danced upon the pavement in their uncomfortable clothes—soaked

with wet, and, in the case of the fair sex, decidedly draggled-tailed—as if water was as natural to them as it is to a duck's back. The “wet” inside rendered them almost insensible to the “wet” outside. How anxiously the play-goers were looking out for even the ghost of an empty cab; how alert the touts were, bobbing about in all directions, and bellowing “fore-wheel” and “’ansom” until they were hoarse, in the expectation of gaining twopences, to be spent, as soon as earned, upon “two-penn’orths o’ gin”; how men, with old hats, coats that were of “no consequence,” trousers “that would not spoil” (because they were nearly worn out), and good thick boots, laughed at plethoric family-men, with nicely bonneted wives and expensively dressed children singing out the sweetly plaintive chorus, “Why don’t pa’ get a cab?” when the poor pa’s were exerting themselves to the utmost to get “crawlers” all the time! What shudders the poor gentlemen, who were the owners of most unaccommodating umbrellas garnished with slits ever ready to admit any moderate quantity of light or rain, gave! How lovers, who couldn’t get vehicles, groaned for the safety of

themselves and their lady-loves; and what long faces lovers with short purses and long cab-fares pulled! How dismally the galleryite gave out his joke about the weather; and how miserably the educated man, who had stinted his stomach to pay for his place in the pit, trudged back to his solitary lodging! And did not the occupants of the well-lighted, comfortable public-houses make use of most unparliamentary language in regard to the "total abstainers," as they glanced at the pouring rain through the doorway as new-comers entered, and reflected on the awful "turn out," which was as inevitable as day and night and death, and (reasonably) about as inexplicable. It is the law with all four.

Just then Carroll espied an empty "hansom": he told Boyne to stay under the portico of the theatre, turned up his collar, and rushed out to meet the cab.

"Are you engaged?" inquired he of the driver.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"All right! I engage you," said the medical student, beckoning to Gerald, who immediately hurried towards the vehicle.

Now, there was one of those very enticing establishments, yclept "oyster-shops," in close proximity to the theatre. This met Carroll's eye as Boyne was about to jump into the cab.

"I think we may as well have an oyster or two before we go home!" exclaimed he.

"I'm quite agreeable," replied Gerald.

"Cabby," said Carroll, "you wait here! Mind you don't go off with any other fare. We're just going into that oyster-shop for five minutes. I'll send you out a glass of grog. What will you have?"

"Well, sir," replied Cabby, after a decorous hesitation, which was meant to imply that "spirits" were unusual, "it's a nasty wet night. I shouldn't mind a drop of rum and water, hot!"

"I'll send it out to you. Mind you don't take any other fare!"

"No, sir," answered cabby, in a tone of such virtuous indignation, as to almost make Carroll believe that he had never done such a thing in his life.

The two gentlemen entered the oyster-shop, and, in a minute or so after, a waiter came

out with a steaming glass of rum and water in his hand.

"Have you got two fares in our shop?" inquired waiter of cabby.

"Yes."

"Then you're my man! One of 'em's sent you out this."

"Thank'ee."

The cabby took it, and, after two drains, left but a drain of either rum or water.

"It's a beastly night," remarked the waiter, as the cab-driver handed him back the glass.

"It is," grunted cabby: "cabbies" are always grunting when not drinking. "I 'ope them gen'l'men won't be long."

"So do I," replied the waiter. "When they're off, there'll be room for others; and there's plenty more customers that'll want to be served before closing time. If I was a friend of your two, I'd tell 'em you was in a 'urry. Good night."

The waiter departed, chuckling over his feeble joke.

Among the grumbling crowd that was sheltered by the portico, were a young Jew and his sweetheart. He was bewhiskered and

velvet-collared, and dressed, in all respects, in the loud style (a faint reflection of the barbaric splendour of their Eastern ancestors), in which the generality of Israelitish youth delights, and was possessed of the full share of the assurance and impudence which is inherent in all but the best bred of his persuasion.

The moment he saw the waiter leave the cab, he darted out from his cover, and accosted the cabman.

"I say, cabby," shouted he, in a deep bass voice, tinged with a nasal twang, "are you engaged?"

"Yes," answered cabby, surlily.

"Come, be a good fellow, cabby; give 'em the slip, and accommodate me and a lady. I'll pay ye extra," said the Jew in a wheedling voice.

The unscrupulous cabby winked, and gave a nod of assent; the Jew beckoned to his young woman, and was about to enter the cab, when Boyne and Carroll came forth from the oyster-shop.

"That fellow's getting into our cab!" exclaimed Gerald.

"The deuce he is!" cried Carroll. "I'll

soon see about that. That cab is engaged, sir!" shouted he to the Jew.

"I don't care!" replied the uncivil Israelite. "I want to get 'ome; that's all I care about." Then crying out, "Becky, Becky! come along, Becky!" to his female friend, he sprung into the cab.

"Get out!" said Carroll.

"I won't!" replied the Jew. "Come along, Becky!"

Carroll had a strong inclination to pull him out; but, remembering that a Jew is one of the most litigious beings in the universe, when law does not go against his own profit, he repressed the feeling, and appealed to the cabman for advice. That worthy had none to offer. A crowd collected around the group; and a policeman, smelling a breach of the peace, came up. Carroll stated the facts to the guardian of the night; he looked puzzled, and said that he would rather not interfere.

"Becky, Becky! Come along, Becky!" shouted the Israelite.

"I'm dashed if Becky shall come!" exclaimed Carroll.

He got into the cab by the side of the Jew,

and called to Boyne to come and sit between them ; and, when Gerald had squeezed himself in, so that the intruder was pressed so tightly in one corner that it was impossible for him to rise from the seat, unless one of his hostile neighbours first moved to make room for him, the medical student pushed up the trap in the roof, and ordered the cabman to drive to his lodgings.

"Let me get out ! let me get out !" Cabby, stop, or I'll summon you !" cried the Jew, as the cab started off with its treble freight.

"Let you out ?" said Carroll. "No ; you wouldn't get out when you were asked to, you little rascal, and now you shan't get out until we've done of the cab."

The horse proceeded through the slushy streets at a rapid pace, and soon put a mile between the Jew and his Rebecca. Vainly did the unwilling passenger implore his tormentors to set him free, until the roguish Carroll conceived a new torture for him.

"Let him get up," said the medical student to Boyne.

Gerald moved, and allowed the Jew to arise from his seat.

"Now," exclaimed Carroll, "get out, and be sharp about it!"

"The cab hasn't stopped," replied the Jew.

"No, and it won't stop."

"But I can't get out until it does stop."

"Jump!" answered his relentless persecutor.

The Jew glanced, with terror-stricken countenance, at the splashing mud beneath him, and then exclaimed, most pathetically,—“Why, I should go head over heels into the mire.”

"Then you'd be in your natural element, you little vagabond," replied Carroll, giving him a sudden push, which sent him against the splash-board.

"Stop, stop!" bellowed the Jew to the driver.

"Go on, go on!" cried Carroll.

The cabman obeyed the student, and drove on without stopping, with the little Jew drenched to the skin, and holding on for safety to the brass rail of the splash-board, until he arrived at the student's lodging, when he pulled his horse up with a jerk, which unsettled the wits of the follower of Moses.

"Get down!" shouted Carroll to him.

The Jew obeyed mechanically; and when,

standing on the pavement, with the rain flowing in large streams from his hat and clothes, he presented such a comical combination of damp, wretchedness, and dismay, that Carroll, Boyne, and the cabman roared with laughter.

"It may be very pleasant for you, gentlemen," exclaimed the miserable individual; "but I don't relish the joke quite so well."

"It will be a wholesome lesson to you not to get into cabs which other persons have hired," replied the medical student.

"If I catch my death from this wetting, you'll have to answer for it."

"Well, as I am a humane man—"

"Very!" exclaimed the Jew, ironically.

"As I am a humane man," continued Carroll, "when I have had my revenge, and well knowing that if you proceeded to the arms of the lady you called 'Becky' in this wet state, your life might be seriously endangered, I cannot allow you to depart until you have come up to my rooms and partaken of a good stiff glass or two of hot toddy."

The Jew stared at Carroll in amazement; so did Boyne. Freakish as the medical student was, Gerald could never have believed that he

would have deliberately proffered his hospitality and his spirit to a person who had behaved so rudely to him as the Israelite had.

"Well, you're a rum 'un!" exclaimed the Jew. "You 'alf drown a fellow first, and then offer to dose him after. I don't mind if I do go in with you and have some grog. I think I'm entitled to something comfortable at your hands, after all the discomfort you've caused me."

"All right, my little hero, you shall have something comfortable. Here, cabby, here's your fare;" he handed money to the cabman. "Mind you wait for this gentleman."

"Well," remarked Cabby to himself, as the three entered the house, "this is a rum go! Blow'd if it ain't!"

"You're a medical gentleman, I presume," said this new acquaintance, as he glanced at the human bones that decorated various parts of the student's room.

"Yes," replied Carroll, taking a bottle of brandy from his cupboard; then, turning to Boyne, he said,—“Ask Mrs. Bokes for some boiling water, and tell Mompas to come down, there's a good fellow.”

Gerald departed to execute these requests.

“Queer that men and women should have such a hugly lot of bones inside ’em, ain’t it?” remarked the Jew.

“Yes,” replied Carroll, thinking that it was not a very “queer” thing that an ugly little snob should have an ugly set of bones inside him.

“Queer how they get there, too!”

“Much queerer!”

“Puzzle old George the Third, who was so out-and-outish green that he didn’t know how the apple got inside the apple-dumpling.”

“Rather.”

“Life’s a very strange thing too, ain’t it? We come in a very, very strange manner, and we go in about the same kind of manner; and that’s about all we know about it. Queer, ain’t it?”

“You’re a philosopher.”

“No, you’re mistaken. I belong to a better-paying trade—fancy goods—Jacobs, ’Ounsditch; very much respected in the vicinity, and well known as giving general satisfaction to all customers. The principle on which we conduct our business is, Good goods,

small profits, and quick returns; and we find it pays." The Jew imparted an air of immense importance to his vulgar little person.

"I should think it did," said Carroll, in a tone of pretended admiration.

"I shouldn't like to be a doctor," remarked the Jew, shuddering. "I can't a-bear the sight of blood: I should never get over the 'orrors of it."

"Certainly it is rather horrid at first," replied Carroll.

Here Boyne and Mompas entered, followed by Mrs. Bokes, bearing a jug of boiling water.

"Mompas," said Carroll, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. ——"

"Jacobs, 'Ounsditch," said the man, ducking his head, smirking, and rubbing his hands together.

Mompas made a slight inclination of his head, which he intended should serve for a bow, and then, turning to Boyne, whispered, —"Whatever made Carroll bring that little cad here?"

"I am as ignorant as yourself," answered Gerald.

"Come, now, gentlemen, let us be seated," said Carroll.

"Where shall I put my 'at?" asked Mr. Jacobs, glancing at his dripping chimney-pot.

"Anywhere—on a chair or on the sofa."

"Ah, but the wet might spoil something."

"Never mind."

"Well, if you don't mind, I don't; so 'ere goes."

He deposited his hat on the sofa, and seated himself at the table.

"Here, Mr. Jacobs, I'll help you first," said Carroll, passing a tumbler, which he had half filled with spirit, to that gentleman. "The water and sugar are close by you."

"But this will be so deuced strong, my good sir," remonstrated Mr. Jacobs.

"Nonsense! It's no good if it isn't strong, when a man's as wet as you are. You two fellows, help yourselves," said Carroll to Boyne and Mompas.

"Very good brandy," said the Jewish gentleman, taking a good large sip.

"It is," replied Carroll. "I never drink any spirit except the best. That never does any harm."

"No," replied Mr. Jacobs.

The Israelite was what is commonly termed "sprung" when he had entered the hansom which was waiting for Carroll; and, by the time he had consumed this hot and strong glass of brandy-and-water, he was in a very decent stage of inebriation.

"Let me pour you out some more," said Carroll, much to the disgust of his two friends, the moment the Jew had placed his empty glass upon the table.

"Brandy, ve-ry good—like it much—'fraid de-de-privé—hic!" sputtered out Mr. Jacobs, keeping his tipsy eyes as firmly fixed on the brandy - bottle as he possibly could.

"Not in the least," replied the urbane Carroll, taking his glass, and preparing another strong dose for him.

"Whatever are you wasting good liquor on a drunken cad like that for?" said Mompas, in a low voice.

"Wait and see," answered Carroll.

"Hic-cup—Than-kee—hic-cup!" said the Jew, as he took the tumbler from the medical student.

"You'll get a blowing-up from Becky tomorrow, I'm afraid."

"Becky be blow'd! It's—it's bank 'oliday—and—I—'m jolly."

The Jew sipped away at his brandy-and-water, soon ceased talking, and sat back in his chair with an idiotic grin on his countenance, in a half-conscious condition.

Carroll fetched a small glass bottle from the sideboard, and walked to the side of the Jew.

"You're rather sleepy, my friend. Lend me your handkerchief: I'll put some scent on it. If you smell to it, it may revive you."

"'An'ker-chief?" replied Mr. Jacobs, with an unmeaning stare.

"Yes."

The Jew managed to collect himself sufficiently to fumble about in his pockets and produce it. It was an elaborate-patterned silk handkerchief, with almost as many colours as Joseph's coat. Carroll took it from the tipsy man's hand, poured a few drops from the bottle on to it, and then handed it back to him.

"Smell that," said the student.

Jacobs obeyed.

"Why, it's chloroform," exclaimed Mompas.

"Of course it is," replied Carroll. "But we must make haste: he's unconscious enough for our purpose now. I knew a sniff or two would send him off. Just you burn that cork, Boyne; and you, Mompas, pass me a wax-taper. Now, I'll show what I'm going to do with the insolent little vagabond."

The first proceeding of Mr. Carroll was to light the taper which Mompas had handed to him; his next was to apply its lighted end to the whiskers and moustaches of the unconscious Israelite, until almost the whole of these hirsute appendages were singed off; then, he took the burnt cork and covered that gentleman's face with a number of curious and unique devices in black.

"Now," exclaimed Carroll, casting an admiring glance upon his sitter, "I think he'll do."

"So I should think," replied the others, laughing.

"It will be a lesson to him that he won't

forget in a hurry. I'll warrant he won't enter another person's cab again for a while. Now, to wake him up."

Mr. Carroll took a bottle of strong liquid ammonia, and held it to Mr. Jacobs's nostrils, and presently the little man began sneezing, and, at last, opened his eyes, and stared about him like a person awakened from a dream. The ammonia had, to a considerable extent, sobered him. He remembered that he was in strange company, for he hastily felt his pockets to see that his watch and money were safe. Finding that his valuables had not been abstracted from his person, his fright left him, and his cordiality returned.

"I'm afraid I've been asleep," said he, as apologetically (to give him his due) as any snob could.

"You have," replied Carroll, crisply.

"You gave me some scent to wake me up, didn't you?"

"Yes; but it wasn't strong enough, so I had to apply this to your nose. Liq. ammon. fort.; strong as the deuce. A capital reviver."

The student showed him the bottle.

"Well, I'm jolly glad you've got me round,

because I shouldn't have liked to have been a nuisance to you."

"No inconvenience at all," returned the polite Mr. Carroll, with a face as immovable as a waiter's.

"Well," said the Jew, yawning and rubbing his eyes, "I s'pose I'd best make tracks."

"The cab is waiting," suggested Carroll, mildly.

"Then I'm off," exclaimed Mr. Jacobs, thinking with horror at the sum which he would have to pay for keeping the cabman waiting. "I must trot. I don't see the force of paying cabbies too much for doing nothing." (Waiting in the cold and wet night was nothing as long as he had not to endure it.) "We've been very jolly together, and have got on uncommon well, although our acquaintance did not commence as felicitously as I could have wished. I hope to have the pleasure of entertaining you, gentlemen, at my 'ome in 'Ounsditch. There's my card." He placed a card in Carroll's hand.

The student replied—with a gravity that tickled the risible qualities of his friends so

much that they had great difficulty in keeping even tolerably sedate countenances—that a visit to the Jew's house would afford both his companions and himself the greatest possible pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

A SON THAT A MOTHER CANNOT RECOGNIZE.

WHEN the cabman saw the little man who had entered the house white emerge with a face as sooty-coloured as the darkest of darkies, he felt a great inclination to burst out laughing, and would have done so, had not Carroll immediately stepped up to him, slipped a silver coin into his hand, placed his forefinger on his lip, and given him a knowing wink to enjoin silence.

“All serene, yer ’onour!” said cabby, in a low voice; “but blow’d if I ever did see sich a card.”

The little Jew repeated his invitation, shook hands most cordially with his new friends, entered the cab, shouted to the man to drive him to No. —, “’Ounsditch,” and departed with

shouts of laughter from the three young men upon the door-step ringing in his ears. He wondered at their boisterous merriment, but sapiently came to the conclusion that very probably they were rather elevated, for there was nothing about him to laugh at.

As quickly as the jaded horse could drag him, he arrived at No. —, Houndsditch. After a good deal of haggling, the cabman was paid and discharged. Then he knocked at the private door of the fancy goods warehouse. Presently the pattering of slippers was heard, and then the light of a candle was visible to the outsider through the semicircular piece of glass above the doorway.

“Who’s there?” asked a thick, rich female voice—a voice that evidently owed much of its luscious quality to a superabundance of good feeding.

“Mc — Levi, mother,” answered Mr. Jacobs.

The chain was undone; the door was opened. Mr. Jacobs’s mother, a very stout, unctuous-looking old lady, stood in the open doorway, candle in hand; one of the little Jew’s feet was over the threshold, when the

light streamed upon his blackened, scrubby face, and revealed to the affrighted woman a countenance which she might well be excused for not recognizing. She turned deadly pale; her huge mass of flesh trembled violently; she screamed out, "Murder! 'elp! Abr'am! Moses! Becky!" and banged the door against the advancing leg of the intruder with such violence that he roared from pain.

Abraham (her eldest born) rushed out with a big stick in his hand; Moses (her youngest, and the joy of her soul) followed, brandishing a poker; while Becky (the betrothed and cousin of the gallant Levi—the lady whom he had so unwillingly left under the portico of the theatre when he was forcibly abducted from her by Carroll and Boyne) timidly looked on at the end of the passage.

"What's all this row about?" inquired Abraham of the old lady, who was leaning with all her weight against the door.

"Murder!" cried the old lady.

"What?" inquired the son.

"A black nigger-chap says he's my Levi," bawled the old lady, pressing against the door harder than ever.

"Oh!" howled Levi. "Are you all off yer chumps?"

"Why, it's Levi's voice," exclaimed Moses, dropping the point of his poker.

"But it ain't Levi's face," replied the old lady, in a feeble voice.

"Let me in!" bellowed Levi.

"Well," remarked Abraham, "it's Levi's voice, anyhow."

The door was opened again. The family looked well at the black sheep of the house of Israel, but not one of them could recognize him. His mother, brothers, and even the beloved of his heart, stared at him as if he were a ghost or a monster.

"Who are you?" asked the eldest brother.

"Why Levi, to be sure, as I've told you before," replied the irate brother, who stared at them in as much astonishment as they stared at him.

"But you're black," remonstrated the elder brother.

"May my shoes leak water at the next deluge if you ain't cracked!"

"That's Levi's pin and scarf," remarked Moses, peeping over Abraham's shoulder.

"And that's Levi's coat with the velvet collar," said Miss Becky, who had summoned up sufficient courage to advance as far as the broad back of her intended mother-in-law.

"And it's Levi altogether," exclaimed poor Levi; "and, for goodness sake, let me in out of the wet. I'll explain all, if there's anything to explain, when I get inside."

"What shall we do?" asked Abraham of his mother.

"I don't know," replied the old lady, with a bewildered stare, first at the black object in front of her, and then at her eldest child.

"I believe it's *my Levi!*" exclaimed Becky, in a decisive tone.

"Well," said Moses, after a meditative pause, "I never knew anybody else with a voice like a ropy bassoon."

"I owe ye one for that!" cried the indignant Levi.

"Then, that is Levi," said the youngest Jacobs; "for if he has a weak point, it is his voice."

"You may come in," said Abraham to his shivering brother.

"But if it shouldn't be Levi, but a

burglar?" interposed the mother, that did not know her own son.

"Then I've a stick!" said the courageous Abraham, waving it above his head.

"And I've a poker!" exclaimed Moses, flourishing it so near to Becky's nose as to make that young lady tremble for her favourite and lengthy organ.

Levi was admitted amongst his brethren. He walked straight to the sitting-room, where he was joined by the rest of the family as soon as each member had seen that the front door was securely fastened.

"Wherever have you been to?" inquired the mother, when they had gathered around the poor, unfortunate Levi.

"What a guy you look!" remarked Moses, with an irritating grin. "What masquerade have you been to?"

"Why didn't you come 'ome before?" asked Becky, gruffly.

Although she lost her swain, she soon gained another escort. She had not to flash her dark eyes about long on the youth assembled under that portico, before a young Christian took compassion on the fair unbeliever (she was a

pretty Jewess), and never left her until he had seen her safely to No. —, Houndsditch, and had extracted the promise of an assignation from her, which she (wisely) never had the least thought of keeping.

"Why didn't I come 'ome before?" answered Levi, angrily; "because I couldn't. Didn't you see I was carried off in the cab?"

"Where have you been?" asked Abraham.

"With some jolly fellows," replied Levi.

"So I should think!" remarked Moses, with a sniggle.

"What are you grinning at?" asked Levi, fiercely. "I tell you what" (he shook his fist in his younger brother's face), "I've been with very respectable people."

"So I should think!" reiterated Moses.

"So you should think, would you?" exclaimed the exasperated Levi. "I've been with a young doctor and his friends."

"And they've doctored your face for you!"

Levi looked in the glass, saw the black face and the scorched hair, and could scarcely believe that he was himself. Levi never

mentioned anything more about the young doctor and his friends, although he was often "chaffed" about them.

As Messrs. Carroll, Boyne, and Mompas did not consider it worth their while to continue their acquaintance with Mr. Levi Jacobs, we may as well drop him, and also his fat mamma, his stick-and-poker brethren, and his charming and flirting betrothed, and confine ourselves to relating occurrences that were of greater interest to our hero and his friends.

CHAPTER III.

LOVE, AND ITS ACCOMPANYING SWEETS AND BITTERS.

As was stated before, Gerald was a frequent visitor at Mr. Maynard's house. At first he received frequent invitations, and afterwards a *carte blanche* to come when he liked. When his employer thought that he should be away from home in the evening, he always asked Boyne to keep his daughter company. One day, he called Gerald into his private office.

"I promised to take Alice to the Flower-show to-day," said he; "but, unfortunately, I shall not be able to, as I must attend this bank-meeting"; he pointing to a printed notice on the table. "Do you mind going with her?"

Certainly not; Gerald was only too de-

lighted to take her. He reddened slightly, and feared lest Maynard's quick eyes should observe his eagerness.

Maynard's quick eye did observe something strange in his manner, but attributed it to quite another cause. The merchant thought that his clerk's pockets might be rather shallow.

"You'll have to make haste," said he. "I should have told you before, only I forgot to."

"You certainly have not given me very long notice," replied Boyne.

"I suppose you'll want to go home to brush up a bit?"

"Yes."

"Don't take too long a time over your toilet," said Maynard, laughing, "or else you'll keep the lady waiting; and, although women are extremely fond of keeping others waiting, they hate being kept waiting themselves." The merchant little knew that Boyne was inwardly vowing that he would not keep his daughter waiting for all the world. "But you'll want some money," added Maynard, taking out his purse.

"I have plenty, thank you," replied Boyne, blushing.

"Yes, yes," answered the merchant, "I didn't say that you hadn't; but I'm not going to let you incur any expense on my account and my daughter's. You'll have cab fares to pay, lavender kids to buy, and perhaps some other little things. If that doesn't cover expenses, you must tell me."

He placed a sovereign upon the table: Gerald again protested.

"Tut, tut, tut!" exclaimed the merchant, smiling; "no objections. If you don't take it up, I shall be offended. As I've told you before, you must put honour and delicacy in your pocket when you come into the city, and pocket everything else as well—insults included."

Gerald reluctantly took up the coin.

Boyne hurried to his lodgings, performed a hasty but elaborate toilet—one worthy of Mr. Mompas himself—and then set off for Mr. Maynard's house.

On his explaining to the merchant's daughter that he was to escort her in place of her father, the young lady looked very pleased at the

change, and said that she hoped the duty would not be a troublesome one to him. The delighted look in Gerald's eyes was alone sufficient assurance that it was not.

"As fine a young couple as I ever wish to see!" remarked the old footman, as he looked after the rapidly vanishing carriage, which contained Boyne and Miss Maynard.

A brisk three-quarters of an hour's drive brought them to the Flower-show. Gerald assisted Alice to alight, and they then entered the exhibition, and mingled with the fashionable crowd which was promenading the gardens and pretending to admire the flowers. What a curious sight is a Flower-show, with its women, beautiful and gaily tinted as the flowers themselves, fluttering about in their rich and costly silks, and singeing men's hearts like flames does moths' wings!—frowsy dowagers, crusty old maids, military men out of uniform, trying to turn the heads and break the hearts (if they possess those organs) of other people's wives; smug-faced bishops, with thin calves and thick heads; fashionable doctors, smiling at everybody, and wishing everybody on the sick-list; chattering curates, engaged in mild flirta-

tions, and fair damsels amusing them in that way, just for the sake of keeping their hands in; husbands who think it a bore to have to escort their spouses; young husbands who are not yet tired of their wives; young wives followed about by doting or jealous old husbands; celebrated light ladies, attended by golden youth before the very faces of their mammas and sisters; philosophers who pretend to be above everything human; men of science who want to cram science down every one's throat; hot-gospellers, who find wickedness in all that is living, and still live on; and aristocrats and would-be aristocrats, and their accompanying toadies—three classes that the world would not miss if they were out of it.

Our young pair sauntered about, admiring the flowers, and quizzing the people, and falling more in love with each other than they were before, if that were possible. A bright sunny afternoon, fine grounds, and beautiful flowers are capital stimulants to the tender passion. On her return home, Alice was obliged to confess to herself that she was much more pleased with her visit to the Flower-show in company with Boyne than if she had gone with her

father. What young lady does not prefer a lover's society to a father's?

The two lovers were looking over a photograph-album together, one evening.

"How do you like that face?" asked Miss Maynard of Gerald, pointing to a photograph of a gentleman.

There was something in her manner that made Boyne feel jealous of the original of the print. The man was good-looking enough, but our hero thought him frightfully ugly: of course, he viewed him through green spectacles.

"I don't like that face at all!" replied Gerald.

"How strange! I consider him very handsome!" said the young lady. "I wish he was here now. He's such a nice fellow! I am sure you would like him." Boyne thought that he should very much dislike him. "He's my cousin: he's in Australia now"—a little sigh from the fair lady, that made Gerald feel more uneasy than ever. "He must be very lonely out there, away from all his friends."

"You asked my opinion as to his looks," said Boyne, "so you must not be offended if I

frankly state that, to my mind, he greatly resembles a gorilla!"

"I did not think you would say that, especially about my cousin, Mr. Boyne!" exclaimed the young lady, pretending to be very indignant. Secretly she was very much amused: even the best and most sensible women love to make their lovers jealous sometimes. Gerald left early that evening. He had not been in long, before he heard his friends above making a great noise with their wind-instruments — a post-horn and bugle. He rushed upstairs to Mr. Carroll's room, and, on his opening the door, a large black cat sprang out of the room and dashed down the staircase at headlong speed.

"Whatever is all this row about?" inquired Boyne.

"We've just been giving Diabolus," the name of Mrs. Bokes's feline friend, "a lesson," replied Mompas, laying down his post-horn.

"Paying him out for a few of his caterwaulings," added Carroll. "You should have been here. It was an awful lark. We placed Diabolus upon the hearth-rug; then, I put my post-horn,

and Mompas placed his bugle, over the animal's two ears, and we blew such a blast that the wretched brute sprang up as if it were mad, and made for the door. You'd have died of laughter to have seen the terror of Mrs. Bokes's pet!"

Both Carroll and Mompas, like many other young men, took especial delight in frightening cats and small dogs. Mr. Carroll had even been known to carry empty medicine-bottles about in his pockets for the express purpose of having a "shy" at stray cats; and Mr. Mompas would even leave hold of a friend's arm to rush into the middle of the street and slash away with his stick at the tail of a small dog.

After the "gorilla" scene, Boyne refrained from visiting at Mr. Maynard's house for some time. He considered that, if the young lady were really in love with the Australian cousin, he had better strive to the utmost to quench the flame that she had kindled in him. Maynard asked him how it was that he had not been to see him lately, and Boyne was obliged to make a lame excuse. The merchant was too shrewd to believe it; but he was greatly

puzzled as to the real cause of Boyne's absence. His daughter could have let him into the secret, if she had chosen. When he alluded to the subject, one day after dinner, she looked at him with a most innocent expression on her face, and declared in most ingenuous tones that Mr. Boyne's strange freak was quite inexplicable to her. Pretty fibber! may thy fibs be forgiven thee!

"Do you think either of us has offended him?" inquired the fair culprit's father.

"I should not think so," was the naïve reply.

"Poor gentlemen are very sensitive," remarked Mr. Maynard, meditatively; "but I can't believe that we have said or done anything—unconsciously, of course—that could wound his feelings. But," added he, after a short pause, "that day he took you to the Flower-show, I made him take a sovereign to pay expenses."

"Perhaps that offended him," suggested the pretty white liar.

"Yet, it can't be that," continued Maynard; "for he has been here several times since."

Alice coincided with him that the cause of

Gerald's absence was evidently not the sovereign.

"I can't make it out at all," said Maynard.

As the one that held the key to the secret still kept silent, it is no wonder that he could not make it out.

Gerald's absence may have extended to an indefinite period, had not the young lady's desire to see him caused her to suggest to her father that perhaps "a little note" from her would bring him to the house again.

"For," said Alice, "if we have offended him, it is only right that we should make reparation."

"Of course," replied the merchant.

The next day he gave Boyne the following note:—

"DEAR MR. BOYNE,—I am afraid you think that I am offended because you compared my cousin in Australia to a gorilla. Rest assured that I am not. You can compare him to any creature, animal, or monster that you think fit—even to a certain green-eyed monster. If the company of a young woman, who has few friends, and who esteems you very highly,

is not disagreeable to you, I shall expect to see you this evening.

“I am,

“My dear Mr. Boyne,

“Yours very sincerely,

“ALICE MAYNARD.”

“You’re quite a stranger, my lad,” said Maynard, when Boyne made his appearance at his house that evening.

“I was afraid of intruding too much on your kindness,” replied Gerald, looking rather uncomfortable.

“I hope you’ll dismiss that idea from your head, and remember that you are always welcome here,” said the merchant.

Boyne promised that he would.

“I hope Mr. Boyne will be less bashful in future,” remarked Miss Maynard, with a meaning smile.

Gerald stammered out that he would be less bashful.

“How is it that you have stayed away from us so long?” asked Alice, when they were alone, with a reproachful look.

“I was afraid you were angry with me.”

“How silly of you! I have too few friends to afford to be angry with any of them. Besides, I should never quarrel with a friend about such a trifle.”

“As likening a cousin to a gorilla?”

“Yes.”

Alice’s hearty tone had a magical effect in assuring Boyne that he had no cause to be jealous of the Australian cousin.

“Come and hear me try this song over,” said the young lady.

They proceeded to the piano, and she then sang the following:—

“MY LADY FAIR.

I.

“As sweet as the peach to the palate,
Is the lady to her lover’s eye,
Be she old or be she young,
Still she is his ‘Lady Fair.’

II.

“She may be vain, or else ambitious,
Or scarce one jot of sense possess;
But, as long as she his heart grasps,
She is still his ‘Lady Fair.’

III.

“ My ‘ Lady Fair ’ is all to me,
No other love need I ;
Time may change, years run on,
Still she is fair to me.

IV.

“ No siren looks can win me from her,
There ’s no beauty like hers for me ;
The world may give the palm to others,
Still she is fairest to me.

V.

“ ‘ Why in her youth, and why in her age ? ’
People ask, is my ‘ Lady Fair ’ ;
And to all their questions I reply,
‘ For the love she bears to me.’

VI.

“ Comets come, and comets go ;
The sun shines, the earth rolls on ;
Man exists, and, whilst he does,
His best love will be woman.

VII.

“ While I have life, and she loves me,
She will be my ‘ Lady Fair ’ ;
For without life and constancy
There can no love be.”

"How do you like that?" said she, when she had finished.

"The words are good enough," replied Boyne; "but the music is such abominable trash that I think I could compose better myself."

"Do, then!" said Alice. "I should so like to see you a composer."

"Well, I'll try!" answered Gerald.

About a week after, Gerald presented himself before the young lady with a roll of paper in his hand.

"What have you there?" asked she.

"I've done it!" replied he, quietly.

"What?"

"Set 'My Lady Fair' to more appropriate music, I think. At any rate, there is no feeble, wish-washy sentiment, unworthy of a low music-hall, in my composition."

"Let me hear it."

Gerald seated himself at the piano, and proceeded to play it.

"Splendid!" exclaimed she. "You really have a musical genius."

"Because I can write a pretty little thing for a ballad?"

"That's what hosts of professional composers cannot do."

"I don't know that I should have been able to have done it, if you had not inspired me," said Gerald, in a low voice.

The young lady blushed deeply, opened the door leading to the dining-room, and called out, "Papa, papa!"

Now, "papa" was indulging in his after-dinner nap.

"Yes," replied Maynard, gruffly, getting up from his easy-chair. "Whatever do you want?"

"Do come and hear this pretty accompaniment to a song, that Ger — Mr. Boyne composed."

The merchant listened to it, declared it very good, and then went back to have his snooze out, after requesting his daughter not to wake him up again, unless the house was on fire.

"I believe the girl's in love with the youngster," said Maynard to himself, after Boyne had left that evening. "Well, I can't help it; if she pleases herself, she pleases me,—that is, as long as she marries a good fellow. Boyne is that."

"What are you up to, to-night?" inquired Carroll of Boyne, one evening.

"Nothing particular."

"Not going to Mr. Maynard's?"

"No."

"I think there must be a particular attraction there."

"Not that I am aware of," replied Gerald, looking out of the window, and trying to assume a most unconcerned expression of countenance.

"He has a daughter?" remarked the student, with a wink.

"He has," answered Boyne; "but you don't think I should have the impudence to presume to fall in love with my master's daughter?"

"There's no knowing what impudence men in love haven't. Still, that would be rather a high flight, certainly. Perhaps he has good port?"

"He has," replied Gerald, quite willing that his friend should labour under the false impression that the wine was his great attraction.

"Good port," said Mr. Carroll, medita-

tively, "is very good in moderate doses, with moderate intervals between them; but too much good port is apt to widen the waistcoat, and redden the nose to an extent that is neither comfortable nor handsome. Therefore, don't you take too much of Maynard's good port, my boy."

"Never fear," exclaimed Boyne, smiling.

"Well, then, as you haven't to imbibe any of Mr. Maynard's good port this evening, what say you if you accompany me to the opera (gallery, of course; I can't afford more) this evening?"

"All right."

"Mompas won't go. He's off somewhere most nights. By-the-by, do you know where the fellow goes to?"

"No."

"I should uncommonly like to know!" exclaimed the student, with an expressive shake of the head.

Mompas and Carroll were very curious about each other's movements, and were always playing the spy on one another. They both prided themselves on the superiority of the acuteness of the one over the other.

As they were proceeding up the crowded opera stairs, Gerald observed his friend carefully guard a young lady from being pushed against the wall. She was accompanied by an elderly lady, who appeared to be her mother or aunt. There was no mistaking the student's looks of admiration, and Boyne was bound to confess that they were not unworthily bestowed. The object of Mr. Carroll's solicitude was short, and elegantly, as well as sturdily, formed, with a good-looking face, nose puggish, and decidedly lovable, eyes brilliant (what woman's are not to their lover?), and glossy brown hair, prettily plaited. She was clothed in a well-fitting stuff dress and cloth jacket, and a pair of opera-glasses were slung over her shoulder. She had the air of one who was accustomed to bustle about for herself. There was a look of quiet self-assurance on her countenance that is only acquired after some amount of fighting with the world. At last they reached the gallery, and seated themselves on one of its hard wooden benches. If opera managers would only have the money taken near the door, frequenters of the gallery would be saved all the inconvenience of pushing and struggling to get to

the pay-place; but opera managers are only courteous to their rich patrons. Many gentlemen and many ladies cannot afford to pay seven-and-six, or even four shillings, for a seat (especially if they frequent the opera often); so, rather than deprive themselves altogether of the pleasure of hearing good music and witnessing grand scenic displays, they submit in silence to the many discomforts of a narrow, cramped seat in a place that is unworthily dignified with the grand-sounding name of "amphitheatre." The opera-galleryite's half-crown is received, when tendered, with as much readiness as the price of a box. Surely, if his money is of such value, his comfort is entitled to some small degree of consideration. Opera managers and railway directors look down with contempt upon all who are not "first-class."

"Book o' th' opera!" gruffly shouted a man, who was selling those worthless halfpenny-worths of paper at the modest price of one-shilling-and-sixpence.

"Don't buy one!" said Carroll. "I cut the cast out of a newspaper, and I know the plot. I'd never pay one-and-six for a lot of twaddling libretto, that would not be amusing if it were

not so utterly stupid and ridiculous. Now for a glance at the cast. 'Tenor—Signor Mullurio.' A duffer, as usual. Whenever shall I see a decent operatic tenor—one that looks like a gentleman and sings like a man? There's Borogosko, the famous baritone: he'll make some amends for the wretchedness of Mullurio. And there's Signora Prettini: she's divine, and gets two hundred a night for being so. I wouldn't object to be a divinity on the same terms. I don't see why celebrated women-singers should get so much higher salaries than the best male artists. It's because the male part of the audience run after them, I suppose. More fools the male part of the audience, say I. There's always something objectionable, to my ear, even in the best female pipes. I prefer contraltos and baritones to all the tenors and sopranos in the universe."

With comments of this kind, Mr. Carroll whiled away the time until the rising of the curtain. During the performance, Boyne frequently noticed the student's eyes wander from the stage to the place where the fair one, whom he had guarded from the wall, was seated.

"You're missing a great deal of the performance by not keeping your eyes on the stage," remarked Gerald, slyly.

"I can't bear to look at that stilted tenor!" exclaimed Carroll. "If the man only looked like a gentleman, and had a tolerable face and figure, I could tolerate him; but such a fat, coarse, sensual-looking fellow, with such a weak, inexpressive voice! Bah! he looks like a low butcher."

"I'm afraid it's the little attraction that was in front of you on the stairs that draws your eyes from him."

"Well, I confess she did strike me rather. She seemed such a plucky little woman. I'll warrant there's more sense in her little head than the generality of her sex are troubled with."

During one of the intervals between the acts, when Gerald was engaged in surveying as much of the house as was visible to him from his gallery perch, he thought he recognized the faces of Mr. and Miss Maynard. He looked at them through his opera-glass. He was right; they were the faces of Alice and her father. They were seated in a box, and were

accompanied by a gentleman. When he stood up, Boyne saw that he was a tall, handsome man (with fine dark eyes, black hair, and short, curly beard) of about forty years of age. The evident familiarity that existed between Alice and the stranger causes not a few jealous pangs to dart through Gerald's heart. Silly, of course. What young lover is not silly?

When he reached home, that night, he found an invitation to dine at Mr. Maynard's, the next evening, awaiting him on the table. By this time Boyne had invested in a new dress suit.

Whom should he meet at his employer's table, the next day, but the very gentleman that was with them at the opera. There were a few other guests, and among them Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux. Gerald had often seen Mr. Molyneux in the city. He was a good-looking, stoutish young man, who was perpetually playing with his whiskers and moustaches, and was an excellent type of the young city gentlemen who can only talk business and twaddle. Mrs. Molyneux looked like a pretty, handsomely dressed doll. Gerald soon came to the conclusion that she was an arrant chatterbox, and

as empty-headed as any woman could possibly be. The stranger turned out to be a very old friend of Maynard's. He was a good-humoured and entertaining companion, with his head filled with wild, utopian, philanthropic notions which afforded a good deal of quiet fun to the rest of the company.

"What mad-cap crotchets you hatch, Bernard!"—that was his name. "You'll theorize this earth into a heaven before you've done," said Maynard, laughing.

"He has sufficient sense never to attempt to realize his theories," added Miss Maynard, with an arch look.

"I owe you one for that hit," exclaimed Bernard, smiling.

"Then, unlike most inventors," remarked a bald-headed gentleman, named Scoresby, "he does not waste his fortune upon his inventions."

"No," said Maynard; "he's too wide-awake for that. To whatever flights his fancy soars, he never forgets that he, himself, resides in a very unideal world, which has for its motto, 'The more you grab, the greater your glory among your fellows.' Although, I have no doubt, he really believes in his ideas himself,

he's not so mad as not to be able to see that their practice is impossible."

"Because," exclaimed Mr. Bernard, "the inhabitants of this sublunary planet are too selfish and unideal to carry them into practice."

"My dear fellow," replied Maynard, "you were born in the wrong planet. You should have been born in the moon, or, better, an ideal moon."

Mr. Bernard took the laugh which followed this sally very good temperedly.

"No doubt," said Mr. Scoresby, "if Mr. Bernard had made mankind, he would have made them much better."

"To my mind," observed Miss Maynard, "mankind is sublime—pray, don't think me aping at French sentiment—when it is good and honest; and, when it is not, we had better be as charitable towards it as our hearts will let us."

"There are some wretches quite undeserving of charity," remarked Maynard, with a grim smile, "that ought to be killed like rats."

"Oh, papa, how ferocious you are getting!" exclaimed Miss Maynard, with a pretty pout.

"You horrid creature! Kill human beings

like rats! What a horrible idea!" said Mrs. Molyneux, with an affected shudder.

Mr. Scoresby then related a long account of the disasters and accidents which had happened to himself and his friends during the past week: one friend had broken his leg; another had died; a Mr. Jones had just lost his mother; a Mr. French's wife had departed for another world, on short notice, only three days ago; Mrs. Barker had threatened to leave her husband, and he (Mr. Scoresby) did not think the husband would object much to the lady's desertion, as she was a veritable shrew; Mr. Pompos's splendid new house was still unfinished, on account of a strike amongst the workmen—(horrid fellows, those workmen, for keeping poor Pompos from giving a pompous house-warming!); Mrs. Jenks's little baby was suffering from a bad attack of the croup; and Mrs. Brooks's little Tommy had fallen down and knocked out two of his front teeth; his poor friend, the Marquis of Tootleberry, had expired yesterday morning, at four o'clock. Maynard devoutly wished that the laws of primogeniture and entailment, and titles, and other antique absurdities had expired with the

noble marquis. And this narrator of dismals finished his category by stating that he had missed the train three times, and pricked his little finger twice.

“Bother old Scoresby and his dismals!” whispered Maynard in Boyne’s ear; “he never comes here without inflicting the details of as many horrors as are contained in Madame Tussaud’s celebrated room upon one. I’ve a great mind never to ask the fellow here again. His miseries require to be drowned in spirits.”

Mr. Molyneux, having exhausted his small talk, commenced talking about commercial subjects and the money-market.

“For goodness sake, talk about something else, there’s a good fellow!” exclaimed Maynard. “I am sick of teas and coffees, and iron, copper, cloves, gum Benjamin, and Stocks, for to-day at least.”

Mr. Molyneux made one or two futile efforts to talk of something else; but, as his mind was utterly incapacitated for grasping anything except business or twaddle, he was silent for some time; at length, finding that total silence made him feel very awkward and constrained,

he commenced a desperate flirtation with the lady next to him, which had the effect of overshadowing his wife's wax-dollified face with a dark cloud. His attention was not so preoccupied with his fair neighbour that he did not perceive this; and, to avoid the domestic storm which threatened, on rejoining the ladies in the drawing-room he hovered about her chair, attended to her, and "spooned" on her in so devoted a manner that his conduct afforded intense amusement to the rest of the company. "Dears," and "loves," and "darlings" passed between the fond pair with the rapidity of shuttlecocks between two expert players. The poor things had just enough nature in them to love each other, and not enough sense to know that displays of tenderness are best kept bottled up for home use.

"Mr. Boyne is a very nice young man," said Mrs. Molyneux to her husband.

"Decent enough, darling," replied her lord and master.

"Who is he?"

"I don't know," answered the amorous husband, pulling his whiskers; "but I know what he is."

"What is he, then?" inquired the lady.

"One of Maynard's clerks."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Molyneux, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, "I wonder that Mr. Maynard invites his clerks to meet ladies."

Her interest in Boyne departed. Poor, empty, heartless—utterly heartless, but for her love for her equally heartless and silly husband—woman! You a lady? Why many a housemaid, that scrubs doorsteps every morning, has more lady-like qualities, both of courtesy and heart, than you; and yet, you—you vain, frivolous, toadying little minx—presume to call yourself a lady! What strange anomaly could make your weak, foolish noddle even for a moment think that you were a lady? Is it because your father chanced to be a rich man, or because of your very bad French, your worse German, your abominable Italian, your wretched pianoforte-playing, and your execrable singing (or squalling) that you dub yourself "lady"? Or is it because of the grand carriage you drive in, and the fine dresses you wear, you tawdry, tinselled piece of artificial humanity?—or for your charity,

which parades itself in ten-pound notes for heading subscription-lists, you shoddy of womankind? Nature's reasons for producing such social monstrosities are inexplicable. The sun and moon give light, the earth gives trees and fruit, and most of the blessings (as well as some curses) of humanity; but these social parasites, these brainless, selfish, heartless idiots—things of meanness, filled with the worst passions, or devoid of all feeling, except when their own tender flesh is pricked,—they do no good, and often much evil.

“Maynard has taken a fancy to the fellow, I suppose,” replied her husband. “He certainly looks like a gentleman.”

Mrs. Molyneux evinced a coldness of manner towards Boyne which Alice Maynard noticed, and resented by snubbing the pretty little idiot most unmercifully. Later on in the evening, Mrs. Molyneux gave an account of a very grand marriage that had taken place in the family of one of her neighbours—a Lady Nozzletop.

“Do you know which of Lady Nozzletop's daughters it was?” asked Boyne.

"I think it was the second," replied Mrs. Molyneux.

"Ah! Ada."

"Is that her name?" exclaimed Mrs. Molyneux, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes."

"You know them, then?"

"They are very old friends of mine, although I don't visit them often."

Mrs. Molyneux's manner towards Boyne changed at once: the coldness departed, and she was nothing but friendliness and smiles. He was the friend of the Nozzletops, a family with which she had in vain tried to become acquainted. Alice divined the cause of the change, and snubbed her more mercilessly than ever. The little toady writhed under her lash, and inwardly vowed unutterable threats of retaliation, which, it is almost needless to say, never got beyond threats.

"How do you like Mr. Bernard?" said Mrs. Molyneux to Boyne, when Alice was at the piano, singing, and Bernard was turning over the leaves for her.

"He seems a very nice man," replied Gerald.

"Are not his crotchets immensely droll?"

"Yes."

"Do you know," said Mrs. Molyneux, in a most confidential tone, "I think Mr. Maynard would like to make up a match between his daughter and Mr. Bernard."

Gerald was all attention; but he merely replied with a half-careless "Oh!"

"Yes," continued the chattering lady; "you can see that they are fond of each other." Gerald was afraid that he could. "If they are not engaged now, I don't think it will be long before they will be." Our friend sincerely hoped that it would be very long. "Mr. Bernard is very rich: he has large estates somewhere in the West of England. Wouldn't they make a handsome pair?" So Mrs. Molyneux chattered on, to the great chagrin of Boyne.

"Won't you stay longer?" said Alice, as Gerald rose to depart.

"Not this evening, thank you," replied Boyne.

"I'm afraid he's not in the best of tempers to-night," said the young lady to herself. "Whatever could have ruffled him? Perhaps

it is because he had to listen to that silly Mrs. Molyneux for such a long time. Poor fellow, how I felt for him! I could not help him, either."

Boyne returned home in a very jealous state of mind, calling himself a fool for loving Alice, or for thinking that she for a moment loved him; wishing Bernard to Jericho, or worse; savagely declaring that Alice was nothing better than a coquette, and then calling himself a liar for saying so; one moment considering that he would be much better off if he were dead, and the next thinking it better to live on, supported by hope, which so often turns out delusive.

He found Mr. Carroll in the passage, talking to Mrs. Bokes.

"Ah, Mr. Carroll!" exclaimed that lady, in her most pathetic manner, "it's a sad thing to have such a husband as I have. What do you think of his last trick?"

"What is it?" inquired Carroll.

"Lost his situation, and living upon me!"

"You should make him get another."

"So I try to; but the vagabond won't. I'd

never have married him, if I had known what he was going to turn out!"

"He certainly hasn't turned out any great shakes."

"No; that he hasn't, sir—a lazy, inert fellow! My children are my only comforts."

At this moment Bokes appeared at the top of the kitchen stairs, with his bed-candle in his hand.

"Well, Mr. Bokes," said Carroll, "I'm sorry to hear that you're out of a situation."

"So am I, sir," answered Bokes, shuffling upstairs as quickly as possible.

"You sorry, you idle scamp?" screamed his wife. "You'd be only too glad if you was out of a berth until doomsday! What d'ye think he did, the other day, Mr. Carroll? He came home to me in a most insinuating manner, and said that he was very sorry that he had been out of work so long, and had not been able to earn anything, but he hoped soon to get permanent employment, and then, pulling eight shillings out of his pocket, put it into my hand, and said that he had been paid that for an odd job he had done for one of his friends. A few days afterwards, I found that

my silver sugar-tongs had disappeared ; so I searched my gentleman's clothes whilst he lay snoring in bed, and found a pawn-ticket in his waistcoat-pocket. The wretch had actually pawned my silver sugar-tongs, that I got from my own mother, for eight shillings ! That was the friend that he did the odd job for. Didn't I give him a rating !"

"And serve him right, too," said Carroll.
"Good-night, Mrs. Bokes."

"Good-night, sir."

"Bokes is getting more incorrigible than ever," said Carroll to Boyne.

Gerald did not see Alice again for a few days.

"I have officiated as bridesmaid," said she, when they next met.

"Indeed !"

"Guess at whose wedding."

"How can I guess ?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you at once : at Mr. Bernard's."

What a weight was lifted off Gerald's heart by this intelligence !

CHAPTER IV.

MR. CARROLL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

ONE evening, when Boyne entered Carroll's room, he found that gentleman and Mr. Mompas busily unpacking a huge hamper.

"The very man I wanted," exclaimed Carroll, setting down a couple of wine-bottles upon the floor.

"What for?" asked Gerald.

"I am about to trespass upon your good nature," replied Carroll, throwing down a couple of brace of partridges.

"In what way?"

"I am going to beg the loan of your apartment for to-morrow night. I intend celebrating my birthday with a little party," answered Carroll, taking a couple of fine fat capons from the hamper.

"You're quite welcome to my room," said Boyne.

"Thank you, old fellow. Of course you'll make one of the party. If I can't offer you Maynard's port, I have some rattling good champagne that my dear old uncle has sent me. You'll come?"

"With pleasure."

"The fellows can leave their hats and sticks in your room; we can play at cards and smoke in Mompas's, and have supper in my own. I think that will be a very good arrangement."

"Capital."

The next evening, at about eight o'clock, Mr. Carroll's guests arrived, and were received by that worthy in Mr. Mompas's room. The sitting-room of the Customs clerk was furnished in much the same style as the medical student's, only in place of the osseous decorations were portraits of theatrical celebrities.

There were our old friends Pott, Newton, and Jenkins, besides some others, who will have to be introduced. There was a lanky, grave-looking gentleman, named Mr. Bigg; a loquacious individual, with a handsome, bearded face, who nearly out-talked Mr.

Carroll, called Higgins; a Hercules of a fop, with a good-looking, fearless English face and ferocious whiskers, and an importance of manner that would have been unpleasant had it not been absurd; and an ugly little gentleman, with a face like a Chinaman, and a little squeaky voice, that quipped and chirruped and made medical puns. After the introductions were over, the gentlemen sat down to loo and cold grog.

"Do you know a man"—students always talk of each other as "men,"—perhaps it is because they have so lately been boys—"named Robbins at our place, Carroll?" asked Buncle, the gentleman with the ferocious whiskers and ludicrously important air.

"No."

"Ah, I thought you wouldn't. He must be a first year's man," said Mr. Buncle, in a tone of contempt.

"That man Cromer goes about awfully shabbily dressed," remarked Mr. Bigg.

"I noticed that one of the buttons was off the back of his old frock," said another.

"His dirty old kid gloves amuse me," added Newton.

"I don't think he can be too well off," squeaked the little gentleman with a face like a Chinaman.

"No one but a gentleman could wear such shabby clothes with such an unconcerned air," suggested Mr. Pott.

"Unconcerned air!" exclaimed Carroll. "His walk is more like the swagger of a bully than the walk of a gentleman. Gentleman, indeed! No gentleman would stand at the hospital-door and make rude remarks on ladies as they go by. I never say a word more to the fellow than I can help. I abominate him and his set. Their affectations, their impudence, and their rascality are disgusting: they are a disgrace to the hospital, and to a profession that counts its members gentlemen."

"Have you heard of the last prank of Little, Jones, and Venman?" asked Higgins.

"No. What is it?" said Carroll.

"Why, they were all three very hard up, as usual, when one of the trio—I think Venman—hit upon the following novel device of replenishing their empty pockets. One afternoon they met at Little's lodgings, stripped

the chintz from off the landlady's furniture, made it into coats and waistcoats, donned them, blacked their hands and faces, put on three battered old hats, and sallied forth, with banjo, bones, and tambourine, on a nigger-minstreling tour."

"Did they really carry on such a silly masquerade in public?" asked one.

"They did," replied Higgins. "They performed in several streets and squares, and before the house of Venman's father; but, they say, although the elder Venman laughed heartily at their antics, he refused to drop anything into the hat that was held out to him by his own son."

"Of course, he did not know him," said the little man with the Chinese features.

"No."

"How much did they collect?" inquired Carroll.

"About ten shillings, I believe, which was spent on stout and oysters."

"The money might have gone a worst road."

So they continued chatting and playing at loo until Mrs. Bokes's little "slavey" announced that supper was upon the table, whereupon Mr.

Carroll and his guests adjourned to the apartment below.

"I'm hungry," remarked Mr. Teele (the Chinese-looking gentleman). "I hope you have plenty of sausages and penny busters!"

"Wrong for once," replied Carroll, lifting off the covers and displaying game and fowl to the eyes of his surprised guests.

"Carroll must have had a fortune left him," suggested Mr. Pott.

"Or bagged his partridges and fowls from a poulterer's stall," said Mr. Teele.

"What will you say when I give you champagne instead of beer?" exclaimed Carroll.

"That you've got it on false pretences from a wine-merchant, by representing yourself as a gentleman of property," answered Teele.

"No, gentlemen; all came from my uncle's," replied Carroll.

"I knew you must have paid him a visit, before you could get it," remarked one of the party.

"He sent them, I tell you!"

"Well," said Teele, "it's of no consequence where they came from. Since the things are

here, we had better try our best to demolish them."

"Capital partridge!" exclaimed Higgins.

"Capital capon!" said Pott, "whether the poulterer has his money or has to whistle for it."

"Prime cham.!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, tossing off a bumper. "I'll warrant nectar was nothing to it. I say, Pott, take care of your digestion. You ought not to drink effervescing fluids."

Mr. Pott condemned his digestion, and refilled his glass.

"Did you go to Dr. Flunker's *soirée*?" asked Higgins of Carroll.

"No. I never go to any of the *soirées* to which professors invite their pupils. They only give you flat champagne and hard fowl-drumsticks."

"Have you heard of the trick that Billet played off on Denny and some more fellows?" asked Pott.

"No," replied Carroll.

"He invited Denny and some others to sup with him off a haunch of venison. As his father is land-steward to Lord Snobble, it was not improbable that a haunch of venison would

occasionally find its way to his lodgings, so they accepted the invitation. During the evening, Billet pretended that he was suddenly seized with a violent attack of face-ache, and when supper-time came the pain was so intolerable that he was unable to eat a mouthful. The others did full justice to the joint, and, after passing a very merry evening, parted, hoping that poor Billet will soon lose his face-ache. The next day Billet comes up to the hospital as well as possible. They all crowded around him with inquiries after his health. 'Capital,' he replied, 'never better in my life;' and, then, he quietly let them into the secret, that their last night's excellent supper, instead of being a haunch of venison, was nothing more nor less than a haunch of jackass meat. The fellows were so mad, I thought they would have lynched him."

"And serve him right, if they had!" exclaimed Carroll.

"Billet's a thoroughly unprincipled fellow. If I were his father and a rich man, I should not like him to doctor me."

"I must try a bit of that stilton," said Pott.

"What, Pott!" exclaimed Carroll, "stilton and port? You'll have a fit!"

"Well," replied Pott, "there is plenty of professional aid near at hand, so here goes!" And he cut himself a large piece of the tempting cheese, and filled his glass to the brim with ruby-coloured port.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mompas, rising from his chair, and holding a glass of champagne in hand, "I rise to propose—"

"One moment," said Carroll, interrupting him. "I rise to propose the health of my uncle, the primary cause of the good spread that we have all of us, I believe," he glanced at the remains, "enjoyed to-night."

"His health, with three cheers!" exclaimed Jenkins.

"Hear, hear!" cried the rest.

"Now then," said Jenkins, "hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted all the company.

This cheer was followed by two other loud cheers.

After the uproar had subsided, Mr. Mompas again rose, glass in hand, and proposed the

health of his old friend, Mr. Carroll, which was drunk with musical honours, that is to say, accompanied by the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," sung as loudly as the numerous lusty pairs of lungs in the room could bawl.

Carroll rose to reply.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I thank you, one and all, for the very hearty expressions of friendly feeling towards me that you have just made use of. Since you say I am a jolly fellow, I suppose I must believe that I am a jolly fellow. It's a title I am most ambitious of possessing, and I thank you for the happy and melodious way in which you have conferred it on me."

"Hear, hear, hear!" from the assembled company.

"This, gentlemen," continued Carroll, "is the happiest moment of my life"—another—"Hear, hear, hear!"—"and I hope that every future moment of all our lives may be as happy as the present, and that we shall all continue good and true men, fighters against cant, humbug, meanness, and hypocrisy until death. Once more thanking you for your

good will towards me, I conclude my short speech."

Mr. Carroll resumed his seat amidst much cheering.

"Here, Maggie," said Carroll to the "slavey," handing her half a bottle of champagne, "take this down for you and your mistress to drink my health in; and, don't waste any on your master, for he doesn't deserve it."

"Thank you, sir," replied the maid, taking the bottle downstairs.

"Look, mum," said the girl to her mistress, "what Mr. Carroll 'ave sent down for us to drink his health in!"

"Mr. Carroll's very kind," answered Mrs. Bokes.

"He might have sent a full bottle," grumbled Bokes.

"Just you leave that bottle alone!" said his wife, snatching it from him. "I ain't a-going to let you drink it all. Gin's good enough for you. I dare say that Mr. Carroll never intended you to touch a drop of it, you old drink-all-and-everything-and-do-nothing!"

"That he didn't, mum," interposed the

maid of all work. "He 'spressly said as how it warn't to be wasted on master."

"Ugh!" growled Bokes.

"And Mr. Carroll's quite right too," exclaimed his wife. "A lazy fellow, that doesn't bring in anything to support a hard-working wife and beautiful little family, isn't fit for champagne. Bread and water and the treadmill is what he's fit for."

Bokes, after a little while, managed to compromise matters sufficiently to obtain one glassful of the wine from his wife.

After supper, the party again ascended to Mr. Mompas's room.

Some of the company produced their pipes and tobacco-pouches.

"Smoke what you like," said Carroll; "but if any of you prefer cigars, here they are for you."

He placed a box of magnificent havannahs upon the table. His guests did prefer cigars.

"Let us turn our loo into unlimited," suggested Newton.

"My pockets are not unlimited enough to stand unlimited loo," said Carroll.

"Unlimited loo is gambling; I object to it," said the cautious Pott.

Gerald objected, too. He had gambled once, and had resolved never to indulge in such a vicious and stupid habit again. One night, when quite a youth, after supping late at the house of one of his acquaintances who prided himself on his "fastness," Boyne and the whole party, tolerably elevated by wine, paid a visit to a "hell." A quiet, respectable house it looked outside; but it was, indeed, a "hell" within, with its gawdy furniture, its showy, seductive women ever ready to press intoxicating drinks on the young fools that frequent these places (poor things! it's their trade), and the glittering heaps of gold on the green-baize table. Boyne lost to such an extent on that unlucky night as to cure him for ever of "love of gambling." The difficulties which he had to endure to keep that night's transactions from his uncle's knowledge were quite enough to sicken him.

Mr. Carroll's guests stayed, and smoked, and played until daybreak; and the next morning Mr. Carroll, Mr. Mompas, and Mr. Boyne were troubled with headaches. Such was the end of the medical student's birthday party.

CHAPTER V.

MR. MOMPAS'S SUSPICIONS.

"I CAN'T make that fellow, Carroll, out," said Mr. Mompas to Gerald, a few weeks after the evening party.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he's quite a changed man."

"I don't see much difference in him."

"Ah, you are out yourself so much that you would hardly notice it. He always goes out every evening for a certain time, stays about an hour, and then returns to his rooms, and sits up half the night reading hard. He'll be back soon now; he's been out nearly his usual time. You'll see, he'll just come in and say 'How d'ye do?' and then cut up-stairs at once. If you ask him to stop and have a

smoke, I'll bet you what you like he won't do it. There ! he's at the door now."

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Carroll, entering the room.

"You've taken your walk earlier than usual," remarked Gerald.

"No; I always go out about this time now. I find it suits me better than later. It does not interfere with my work so much; so I have given up going abroad with the owls."

"You are working harder than you generally do."

"Yes; I intend going up for my final soon."

"You are not going yet, are you?" Mr. Carroll's hand was upon the door-handle. "Do stay and have a smoke. I haven't had a chat with you for a long time."

"I've almost given up smoking for the present. I find it makes me sleepy."

"Then, have some beer."

"I only drink coffee now," replied Carroll, smiling.

"What! both teetotaller and anti-tobacco-nist?"

"Only until the exam. is over; then we'll have a glorious night of it, if I pass."

"When does it come off?"

"I don't mean to tell anybody; so that, if I'm floored, nobody will be the wiser."

"You may as well stay and be sociable," said Mompas.

"No. If you like to come to my rooms at about half-past eleven, you can. At that time I can spare half an hour or so for a chat. Until then my oak is sported. Mompas, don't you get parading about over my head. Your heavy footsteps distract my attention."

"I shan't be in, old fellow," replied Mr. Mompas, grinning. "I'm going to visit a distinguished colleague of mine to-night."

"Then don't come home drunk, and tumble about, and make a beastly row, or I shall just walk into you."

"I'll come home as sober as a judge, sir; and, I'll take my boots off in the passage, so as not to disturb you when I go up-stairs. Good evening to you. May you make a profitable use of your time; and may I, in years to come, have the gratification of seeing your

honoured name figuring in the list of medical baronets !”

“I wouldn’t accept a title if I could get it,” exclaimed Mr. Carroll, emphatically.

“So we all say until one is offered to us,” retorted Mr. Mompas.

“You’re a regular tuft-hunter,” replied Carroll, as he took his leave.

“Not a very successful one, at any rate,” remarked Mompas, “for I’ve never been able to get a dinner out of a noble lord yet, although I have the pleasure of knowing a good many—by sight,” added the clerk, with a laugh. “There’s another thing I’ve lately remarked about our friend: he goes to church.”

“What of that?” asked Gerald, smiling.

“What of that, sir! Is it possible that you want to be enlightened? You know that Carroll is not the man to be drawn to that sacred edifice by the beauty of the architecture, gorgeous ceremonial, or the most eloquent of sermonizers, for the whole crew of whom he has the most profound contempt. Then, what can the attraction be, sir? I think it must be a woman. Carroll is in love. That makes Carroll work hard, and go to church.”

"Has he told you?" asked Gerald.

"No; he has not honoured me with his confidence. I don't ask any questions: I don't feel at all interested in the matter." Mr. Mompas stuck his hands into his trousers pockets, and looked with supercilious indifference at a fly on the ceiling. "He has grown very reserved lately, and he can keep so for all I care. But still I don't call it exactly civil to an old friend to keep him entirely in the dark." There was a rather aggrieved expression about Mr. Mompas's eyes: Gerald knew that he was burning with curiosity.

"He has not said anything to you, I suppose?"

"No."

Mr. Mompas was pleased. If Carroll had not chosen to entrust him with his secrets, at any rate Gerald knew nothing of them.

"I hope he won't make a fool of himself," exclaimed the Custom House clerk, after a short pause.

"He's too sharp for that," said Gerald.

"I know he's sharp, but the best of us do get let in sometimes. I'm afraid he'll get

into a mess before he's done. It's mysterious—very mysterious. I'm afraid he'll get into a mess," repeated Mr. Mompas, shaking his head gravely. "That's his business—not mine," added he. "I shouldn't be surprised if he hasn't picked up with some shop-girl with a pinky-winky face and a pert tongue," said the inquisitive gentleman.

"It's no good to conjecture. If Carroll is in earnest, you may be sure his choice is good."

"He may as well be a little more communicative; not that I want to pry into his private affairs. Only it would be a relief to friends' minds to know that he was after a decent kind of a girl."

"Carroll is perfectly well able to take care of himself, so we need not trouble our heads about him," exclaimed Boyne, laughing.

"I agree with you," replied Mr. Mompas. "All I can say is that, if he has fallen into a ditch, he must help himself out of it the best way he can. I don't like such slyness. I wonder what his uncle would say if he heard of it?"

"If you think there is any danger, you had

better write and tell him," said Gerald, with a smile.

"No; it's not my business. Besides, the old man's rich. He can afford to pay for a 'breach of promise,' if anything of that kind should occur."

"That's an uncomfortable way of looking at it."

"Yes. Well," said Mompas, after a pause, "I'm off. If you feel inclined to walk part of the way with me, you can."

"I have no objection," answered Gerald.

"Our friend is stewing away hard at his books by this time," said Mompas, as they walked up the street. "He'll get bad, if he goes on at this rate."

"A little hard work may do him good, I think," replied Boyne. "He's fonder of talking than he is of performing."

"I expect his thoughts are more occupied with the unknown innamorata than they are with his books."

"We may be judging him wrongfully."

"I'm morally certain I'm right," said Mompas, emphatically.

"He needs some stimulant of that kind to

make him a useful man. He has good abilities, but he fritbles them away."

"You think the divine spark of love may make something of him?"

"Yes."

"It only brings bitterness to those that play with it."

"And to those that don't play with it also, often," said Gerald, thinking of his jealous fits.

Mr. Mompas then confided some of his grievances to Boyne. He had a family grievance, as well as an official grievance. His father, after the death of his first wife (the mother of Mr. Mompas), was so inconsiderate as to wed a lady about thirty years his junior, who had blessed him with a baker's dozen of little responsibilities.

"The governor's well off," said Mompas; "but what's a fourteenth share? It means next to nothing, sir. If the man had only been sensible, I should have had plenty of money, and no little half-brothers and sisters. If he must have married, why didn't he marry a woman of his own age, instead of a girl young enough to be my wife? In fact, I was rather

spoony on her myself before he married her. I consider that he has wronged me shamefully. I don't dislike the children, poor little things. It's not their faults that they are born. They can go on increasing the Mompases to a hundred, for all I care. I don't gain anything by their stopping at thirteen. I've quite made up my mind to be father to the lot, if the governor dies."

The idea of Mr. Mompas acting as father to thirteen brought a smile to Boyne's face.

"There's one thing," exclaimed Mompas. "I always manage to extract a tenner or a fiftener from him for clothes. I borrow it to pay my tailor's bill, and never pay it back. When he's dead I shall get nothing from him, so I may as well get what I can whilst he's alive!"

Soon after, the young men separated, Gerald returning home, and Mompas going to his friend's, where he spent a very dull evening.

"I like Bob Begbie" (his friend) "well enough," said he to Boyne afterwards; "but I never can stand an evening at his house. Bob's a good fellow, but he's dry—deuced dry; and

so are all his family. Mrs. Begbie (his mother) makes bad jokes with a sorrowful face, caresses a cat, and wears mittens—I detest mittens! One Miss Begbie has a peculiar nervous twitching, akin to St. Vitus's dance, that prevents her from being a pleasant companion; another cottons on to you until you're in mortal dread that she'll marry you by force. One brother sits glum, and says nothing; a second does nothing but have small spars (I don't mean fisticuffs) with his mother; a third quarrels with his sisters; a fourth tries to out-talk Bob; and Bob tries to out-talk everybody. Bob possesses the most versatile mind of any fellow I know: one moment he's a red republican; the next, he's a conservative-liberal; then he'll be a thorough-paced, bigoted old tory; and, then, all of a sudden, he'll veer round to liberal conservatism! Bob's the most perfect specimen of a human weathercock I ever met with. One week, Bob is disgusted with the Service, and the small stipend that Government doles out to him; a fortnight after, he declares that a small salary and a sure one is ever so much better than incurring the risks and trials of business. One peculiarity of

Bob is that he is continually going to patent something, and make a large fortune by it. One day it's a new boot-blackening; another, it's a patent egg-boiler or coffee-making apparatus. I should not be surprised if, some time or other, the gigantic idea did not enter his ingenious brain of patenting an artificial Mont Blanc, or a sure recipe for pacifying irritated Italian Opera singers, or curing actors of their proverbial vanity. He'd do some good if he patented the last, for actors, since they usually (there are great exceptions, and always will be) are very poor players indeed, possess but a very small share of the talent that is given to the greater part of humanity, with a smaller development of the phrenological organ which is the seat of that vice. Bob is a staunch Conservative now. He recited several paragraphs from one of the Prime Minister's speeches. The great reason of his change of politics is the 'School Board,' which he calls 'an infamous swindle.' He says that the Bill makes the respectable classes educate young ragamuffins to 'knock their own children out of time.' By 'knocking out of time' he means taking the bread out of their mouths,

owing to the competition which will ensue between the educated young ragamuffins and the respectable children. Bob's right to a certain extent: he never could be quite right on any subject! The middle classes have had hard work to gain their position, and they have hard work to keep it; for if they fail or overrun the constable there's no law of entail for them, like there is for nobles or landowners; they must surrender all their goods and chattels to their creditors. Bankruptcy to them almost means ruin, and not a few years' quiet living in a cheap continental town."

"You don't agree with the law of entailment, then?" remarked Boyne, with a smile.

"Certainly not," replied the Government clerk; "it's so manifestly unfair!"

"But the aristocracy made it!"

"They are not immaculate, any more than the democracy," answered Mompas. "I have no particular liking for them, although Carroll says I have. I only say that they are no worse than we should be, if we were in their position and had their privileges."

"But don't you think that their privileges

had better be taken from them, so that they may stand on the same footing as other people?"

Mr. Mompas made no reply; he whistled, and turned the conversation into another, channel.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. CARROLL CONFIDES IN GERALD.

AT the hour that Carroll had appointed, Gerald paid him a visit. He found the student alone, reading and jotting down notes.

"Ah, old fellow, I'm glad you're come," said Carroll, shutting up his book.

"Whatever are all those slips of paper for?" asked Boyne, pointing to several bundles of closely written slips that lay upon the table.

"They are my epitomes," replied Carroll. "In that packet are all the facts necessary for a candidate to pass in materia medica and therapeutics; in that, all that one requires to know of surgery and surgical anatomy; in that," he pointed them out in rotation, "the essence of forensic medicine; and that is a

more compendious treatise on medicine and pathology than any other extant."

"You have certainly put your professional lore into a very small compass. Why, the whole of the matter would not equal the bulk of a three-volume novel."

"That's how I gain the advantage over these learned professors," said Carroll, pointing to his books. "They spin out their facts by useless verbiage, and by the relations of experiments which slip from the memory as soon as it has had all the labour of grasping them, while I put mine in little, terse, short paragraphs of a few lines, which contain not one word too much, nor a word too little. Facts are dry, and they will ever be dry. To attempt to make them anything else is as bad as trying to make bitter, sweet. The fewer words they are told in, the better for the memory. Learned professors don't see that fact, because they all have an itching to be considered literary men; students do see it, and therefore they condense the long-winded haragues of their teachers into something ship-shape and to the point. I wish professors would not give students the trouble, though I consider myself a very good cow-

milker. If I pass the college, I think I shall publish my notes for the use of future students. If I do, I know they will pray for me as devotedly as the Jews did for Charles Surface! But I know old Mompas is rather inquisitive about my movements. Has he said anything to you?"

"Only that he suspects you are in love."

"He's right," said Carroll, with a smile; "only don't for the world tell him so, or everybody would know it. He's such a long tongue. You know the lady."

"I don't."

"Well, you've seen her."

"Not that I know of."

"You remember a certain little lady you saw at the opera? One evening," said Carroll, "when I was out for a walk, I saw a tipsy ruffian insult a young lady who was walking in front of me. I thought I had seen that trig little figure before. I overtook her. One glance at her face told me that I was not mistaken. I bowed to her and apologized for accosting her, and begged her to place herself under my protection, in case the drunkard should again insult

her. She remembered me, and accepted my escort. I inquired after the elderly lady whom I had seen with her. She replied, sorrowfully, that she was dead. I saw her safely to the front door of the house in which she resides, and left her after she had overwhelmed me with thanks. The next night, business called me along the same road, and I met her again. Nearly every evening, wet or dry, I made some excuse to go and meet her. You may be sure it did not take us long to be confidential friends. I discovered that she was the daughter of a literary man; who had died young, and that she supported herself by teaching."

"You're in earnest this time," remarked Boyne, with a smile.

"Yes," replied Carroll, "I've met my fate, as the saying is; and a sweet little fate she is, too."

"Do you think your uncle will approve?"

Mr. Carroll pulled rather a long face.

"He could not help approving, if he knew her. Besides, he's not a man that thinks, because a woman is obliged to work for her living, it necessarily follows that she is not a lady." The student was silent for a short

time. "If the old gentleman," continued he, "should turn crusty, and cut me off with a shilling, I must do the best I can without his help. I earn some money by reviewing scientific and philosophical works for a fellow that writes for one of the papers. I've made twenty pounds in that way during the last few months. That's a help. Much as I revere and love my uncle, I could never stand any interference on his part, or any other person's, as regards my choice of a wife. None of your match-making for me. If our elders had done less of that, many of the present generation would be much happier than they are. There would be fewer mercenary men and women about. If I don't marry the girl whom I love, and whose affections I have won, I won't marry anybody."

"No ; I think your heart's in the right place, old fellow," said Boyne, smiling at the energetic manner in which the student expressed the last sentiment.

"Too right ever to forget that truth and honour are amongst its numerous constituent parts."

Soon after the two parted for the night.

As Boyne was on his way to Mr. Joseph's,

one Sunday morning, he met Carroll and the young woman coming from church. After raising his hat, Gerald was about to pass on, when Carroll stopped.

“Stay, old fellow!” exclaimed Carroll; “I have to introduce you to this lady. Miss Wellman, permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Boyne, to you.”

The young lady condescended to permit him to, and expressed herself charmed to make Mr. Boyne’s acquaintance. The three walked on for some short distance together. From Miss Wellman’s conversation during their short interview, Gerald considered that she was a clever, sensible little woman.

“Will you go for a walk this afternoon?” asked Carroll of the young lady when they had reached her residence.

“Yes; if it is fine.”

“What time shall I call for you?”

“Will half-past three be convenient for you?”

Of course it was,—any hour would have been convenient for Mr. Carroll; so, punctually at half-past three, he knocked at the door of the house which contained his lady-love.

"Is Miss Wellman in?" inquired the medical student.

"I am quite ready," said that young lady, coming downstairs fully equipped for her walk.

They sallied forth on their ramble. Where they went, or what they did, is not of much consequence; but, to satisfy prudes, I will assure them that the amusements of these two young people were perfectly harmless. This little Sunday walk of the lovers is merely of interest from a certain conversation which took place between them, and which will now be related.

"I wish we could get married at once, Lucy," said Carroll, with an attempt at looking mournful.

"Whatever are you in such a hurry for?" asked the lady.

"I 'm so awfully lonely," replied the sentimental gentleman.

"But you have your two friends, Mr. Boyne and the one I don't know, Mr.—"

"Mompas. Yes; but they are nothing now. They are not you, you know."

"You flatterer!" The lady was evidently pleased with the flattery and the flatterer.

"If I shouldn't pass this college—"

"But I hope you will."

"So do I; but, if I should not, there will be six months more to wait."

"Then we must wait patiently."

"Yes," replied the impatient lover; "but I don't see what's to be got by waiting patiently."

The young lady stared at him in astonishment.

"Why, Bob," asked she, "whatever do you mean?"

"Mean," replied Carroll, "that if you have no objection, we may as well get married at once as put it off for six months or more. My allowance from my uncle is quite enough to keep us in necessities; and if you continued teaching until I have passed, you would have a nice little private income of your own, which would give you a feeling of independence."

"We could manage very comfortably that way, certainly; but would not your uncle be dreadfully angry?"

"There is no reason why he should be more now than six months or a year hence; and as we intend to be married, whether he likes it or

not, why should we not keep our marriage a secret from him for a short time?"

"But that would be so sly."

"People must be sly sometimes in this world."

"But, if I should be the cause of a breach between you, I should never forgive myself."

"Pooh!" replied the lover. "If you should cause a breach—which I think very unlikely, for he's a tender-hearted man—you'd have to go and see him, and then you'd soon heal the breach."

"Because you like me, that's no reason why your uncle should like me."

"He could not help doing so. As I have told you before, he is not an old brute, but a good-natured, tender-hearted man. If you dropped a tear, you'd conquer him in a moment."

"But," remonstrated the lady, "would not they think it such a strange way for me to enter your family?"

"Why strange?" asked her admirer. "Because you enter it without any ceremony or fuss?"

"But it's so unusual."

"Well, they are perfectly aware how unconventional I am; so they won't be surprised to see me with a wife of the same stamp."

"But I am not as unconventional as you are," said Lucy, with a smile; "I am religious."

"So am I," exclaimed Bob Carroll. "Don't I go to church?"

"But you would not, if I didn't," answered Lucy, giving him a knowing look, and pressing his arm gently.

"Well, never mind religion; that is, any other religion than that of love. All others can—"

"Fie, you wicked man! If some people heard you talk so, they'd call you awful names," exclaimed Lucy, interrupting him.

"Now, it's no use your pretending to be such a good Philistine," said Carroll; "for you're almost as unconventional a person as I am myself."

"Of course you want to lower me to your level," replied Miss Lucy, with such a pretty pout that the enamoured Carroll regretted that

he could not snatch a kiss: they were in a public place.

"You work for your living, and yet call yourself a lady?"

"Of course," said the young lady proudly.

"Well, then," replied the student, "you must be very different from conventional young ladies, who never work at all—unless trying to catch rich husbands be work."

"I should hope I was different from women of that kind," replied the young lady, in a slightly offended tone.

"Didn't I say that you were," said Carroll, in that rather authoritative manner which lovers sometimes assume. "If you had not been, I should not have fallen in love with you."

"And," replied Lucy, with a playful nod, "if I had not been, I should not have fallen in love with you; for, when I was so—so—"

"Foolish," suggested Carroll.

"Well, then, foolish," exclaimed Lucy, laughing. "You've said it yourself; so you can take only blame yourself. When I did such a foolish thing, I only knew that you were

a good-looking young man, who evidently took 'an interest' in me."

"You did think me good-looking, then?" said Carroll, with a grateful smile.

"Yes; but other women may not think so!"

"That would be because I am sour grapes to them!"

"Pooh! you men are so vain!"

"You women," answered Carroll, "when we love you, are so lovable!"

"Now, don't get spooning," said the young lady; "it's not nice in the street."

"We, unfortunately," replied the gentleman, "can't spoon anywhere else; for I would not, for anything, compromise you by going to your lodgings."

"Of course you would not, since I believe your affection for me is as true as you say it is."

"And you can't come to mine—unless you come as my wife."

"And, of course, that's out of the question at present," said the young lady.

"It is not," replied her lover; and he defended his position by such numerous argu-

ments, as to cause her ultimately to give way, in spite of her reason. Lovers will sometimes do anything for lovers; at any rate, Lucy Wellman gave up all her scruples and consented to wed Robert Carroll.

CHAPTER VII.

A SURPRISE FOR MR. MOMPAS.

"Boys!" cried Mr. Carroll, as he dashed in on Boyne and Mompas that evening, "I have a secret to communicate to you."

"What is it?" asked Boyne.

Mr. Mompas looked as if he took no interest in his friend's secrets.

"I intend to be married as soon as the lady, whom I introduced to you to-day, Boyne, can conveniently get her trousseau ready."

Boyne and Mompas stared: the news was rather startling.

"I was not aware that you were engaged!" exclaimed Mr. Mompas, in a grieved tone.

"I know you were not, old fellow," replied Carroll, good humouredly.

"This is certainly rather sudden," said Mompas, contemplating the ceiling. "It appears that Boyne knew the lady," added the jealous friend.

"He met her accidentally walking with me this morning," replied Carroll.

From the expression on Mr. Mompas's face, the "accidental" meeting was evidently construed into a meeting "with a purpose."

"Well," said that worthy, after a pause, "what are you going to marry on?"

"My allowance."

"Then your uncle approves of the match?" exclaimed the puzzled Custom House clerk.

"Not that I am aware of," answered the reticent Carroll.

"Well," replied Mr. Mompas, in a very paternal and dignified manner, "of course you are at liberty to do as you like; but I should feel inclined to call a man a fool who married on an allowance dependent on the pleasure of a relation."

"But suppose your wife has an income of her own, old boy?" remarked Carroll, with a smile.

"Oh, if she's rich, that's different!" exclaimed Mr. Mompas, in greater astonishment than ever.

"Not exactly rich," said Carroll; "but the lady earns sufficient to keep herself in comfort."

"Is she in a shop, then?" inquired Mr. Mompas, with a horrified expression of countenance.

"No, nor in the Post Office," answered Mr. Carroll, most provokingly.

"Pray don't think that I want to interfere with your affairs!" exclaimed the Custom House clerk, grandly.

"Still, I should have thought an old friend would have taken some interest in my affairs," replied Carroll, in a mock-injured tone.

"You have not confided in me, and therefore how is it possible that I can take an interest in them?" said the Customs clerk, in an oratorical manner.

"I have just told you that I intend taking unto myself a wife," answered the provoking Carroll.

"You have," replied Mr. Mompas; "and you have also informed me"—Mompas was

fond of the word informed ; it sounded rather big, and was of frequent occurrence in official documents—"that the lady you intend to espouse"—another Latin word ; the clerk was evidently on stilts—"is neither in a shop nor in the Post Office. And that last remark of yours, I consider, casts a reflection on the public service ; for, if I understand you rightly, you compare female clerks of our Civil Service with shop-girls."

"Bother you and your reflections on the public service!" exclaimed Carroll, laughing. "Both you and the public service are two such confounded big Pots, that you almost reach to the height of nuisances."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Mompas, greatly offended.

Carroll took hold of him by the arm.

"Now," said the medical student, in the most friendly and good-humoured tone, "don't be cross, there's a good fellow! I know that you are dying to know who the lady is, and what she is."

"I'm not," replied Mr. Mompas, with pretended indifference.

"Then, perhaps you wouldn't like to

know who she is, and what she is?" inquired Carroll.

"As we are friends, of course I should have to meet her hereafter; so perhaps—" The Custom House clerk stopped short and coughed.

"Well, then, the lady's name is Lucy Wellman; and her trade, or profession or calling, or whatever you like to call it, my orthodox friend, is that of a daily governess."

"Then she is respectable," replied Mr. Mompas, with a smile.

"Respectable and hard-working too. That's more than most ladies can say for themselves," said Mr. Carroll, proudly.

"It certainly is," replied the Government clerk.

"I suppose you won't object to officiate as father?" said Carroll.

"Of course not," answered Mompas, carelessly. He could not quite prevent his countenance from expressing the pleasure that he felt, though.

"And you," said Carroll, turning to Boyne, "will not object to being best man?"

"Certainly not," answered Gerald.

“The difficulty is about a bridesmaid,” said the student. “I suppose we shall have to put up with the old pew-opener at the church!”

“I think I can provide a better one than that!” exclaimed Mr. Mompas, with a slight blush.

“If you could, old fellow, I should be much obliged,” said Carroll, eagerly.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LITTLE PARTY AT MISS WELLMAN'S.

A FEW evenings before the day fixed for the wedding, Miss Wellman gave a small supper-party at her lodgings. The party consisted of four, and were Carroll, Boyne, Mompas, and—we beg her pardon for not putting her first—a young lady, a friend of the Custom House clerk: her name was Ethel Frere. She was a pretty, fair-haired girl, with deep blue eyes and beautiful white teeth, and her dress was neat and tasteful. She was the bridesmaid that Mr. Mompas had promised to provide. The two ladies soon chatted away as if they had known each other for years. There is usually much less restraint between women than between men. The young hostess

showed her good sense in giving her guests a nice, inexpensive little supper.

"I hope you all have what you like?" said she, when her guests were helped.

All replied that they were quite satisfied.

"I thought you would like what I have provided."

"If Mrs. Carroll always caters as well as Miss Lucy Wellman, her husband will never have a chance of grumbling with his food!" exclaimed her future husband, laughing.

"Then he'll be deprived of a favourite amusement of husbands," remarked Ethel Frere.

"Come, now," said Mompas, "husbands are not so bad, after all."

"They are very provoking mortals," replied the young lady; "at least, that is what mamma always said, when papa was alive."

"And now she does nothing but talk about the late lamented Mr. Frere," said Mr. Mompas.

"In that she's only like most widows," remarked Boyne.

"Only she puts it on stronger," observed Mompas.

"I won't have my mamma abused!" exclaimed the young lady. "You know she is very fond of you, Mr. Mompas."

"Fonder than I like sometimes," answered the Government clerk. "A stranger would half believe that the old lady was in love with me."

"And I believe she is," replied Miss Frere, laughing.

"Wants you for a second husband, eh?" said Carroll.

"Mamma would not look so very much older," remarked Miss Frere; "she makes up uncommonly well."

Mr. Mompas observed that he would prefer being her son-in-law to her husband; whereupon Ethel Frere blushed, and told him not to be silly.

"Husbands are troublesome beings, though," said Lucy Wellman.

"And still women like them, and take them unto themselves whenever they have the chance," replied Carroll.

"Indeed they don't," said Ethel Frere.

"I am afraid I must contradict you," answered Mompas; "for I know that women have a

great objection to the holy state of single blessedness."

"Don't you be rude, sir," replied that young lady.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mompas, "I'm rude because I said that women don't like to be old maids!"

"Capital cutlets, these!" remarked Mr. Carroll.

"Trust you for choosing a wife that understands good cookery," retorted the Customs clerk.

"I'm not going as far as Taylor, of our hospital, did, though," replied the medical student.

"And what did Mr. Taylor do?" inquired the hostess.

"Married the cook at his lodgings, and blasted his future prospects to satisfy his palate."

"What a fool!" exclaimed Mr. Mompas.

"Well," replied Carroll, "Taylor never was, by any means, a bright man. I suppose the girl either bullied or cajoled him into it, or threatened to drown herself, or take 'a cup of

cold poison.' His mother is awfully cut up about it, they say. I believe Taylor intends going to the colonies, after he has passed. The best place for him, after such a mesalliance. He'll have a tartar of a wife. I saw her with him a few days ago. She's good looking, but looks as if she had a 'devil of a temper.' I'll warrant he'll be ruled."

"And so men ought to be," said Ethel Frere, with a pretty smile.

"I, for one," remarked Mompas, "don't object to being ruled as long as I am not 'iron-ruled.' I should not care about having my back poked or frying-panned, or having the crockery, knives and forks, or furniture flung at my head."

"Not many wives would use you as badly as that," replied Ethel Frere.

"Since you have assured me on that head," said Mompas, "I do not dread matrimony as much as I did." He turned towards the medical student. "Here, Carroll, pass that bottle of ale. I am sure you don't want such a lot of Bass to wash down Miss Wellman's beautiful cutlets."

"Mompas is always afraid that he will not

have enough to drink," said Carroll to Miss Wellman.

"Yes," replied the Government clerk; "and to remind you of that fact when I visit you, I intend to present you with a set of jugs for my wedding present."

"I shall give a fish slice and fork," said Boyne.

"And I think I shall give the bride a butter-tub," said Ethel.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Carroll. "Three presents at a stroke! I wonder what my old uncle will give, when he hears the event! Perhaps the kick-out."

"If he does," said Lucy, "we must do the best we can for ourselves. We are both young, and not so foolish as to be unable to earn our own livings."

"We won't think of the dismal," replied Carroll. "To change the theme, I'll relate a couple of practical jokes in which I had lately a hand. I have been greatly troubled by the musical noises in the vicinity of Mrs. Bokes's establishment. They have interfered with my reading. I do not allude to the ordinary nuisances—the organ-grinders, hurdy-

gurdy boys, French and German bandsmen, with their frightfully cracked instruments, ballad-singers, dancing Savoyards, and bag-piping Scotch-Irishmen: I allude to several of my neighbours. On my right is Miss Tatman, who does nothing but rattle away at ephemeral waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles; on my left are Miss Mansett, who is everlastingly practising sentimental songs, and her accomplished brother, who bawls out comic songs every evening, from half-past seven until half-past eleven; in the same house is a gentleman, who is learning to play the flute; two doors off, on the right, is a young gentleman who blows the tin whistle; and two doors off, on the left, is an older gentleman, who plays the cornet-à-piston. So you can imagine that the various blendings of the various instruments produce musical, or rather unmusical, sounds utterly incompatible with the study of medicine. The sentimental singer, the comic singer, the flutist, and the rising pianiste are my greatest annoyances. The tin whistle goes to bed early, and the cornet-à-piston does not often last longer than half an hour; and, as I am thoroughly used to the post-horn (Mompas's

instrument—I would not advise any lady to marry Mompas, in case she wedded the post-horn as well), I don't so much mind it. I was determined to pay out the piano and the squallers. Last week an opportunity occurred, and I readily availed myself of it. Two post-cards, on the same day, from a couple of touting coal-merchants, were dropped into Mrs. Bokes's letter-box. I was fortunate enough to secure them, unknown to any one. On the back of each card was printed the trader's name and address and a list of prices; and underneath, 'Please send — tons of — coals to Mr. ——.' A brilliant idea entered my head. I would hoax both my tormentors and the touting traders; so I filled up the cards with the names and addresses of my next-door neighbours, and requested that two tons of the best coal should be delivered at each house precisely at eleven o'clock the next morning. At five minutes to eleven on the following day, I posted myself at my window to watch proceedings. Eleven struck, but no coal-waggon appeared. Five minutes passed, and still no sign of coal-waggon. Another five, and then another, and the church clock struck the

quarter. I began to think that my bait had not taken, and was undecided whether I should leave the window or continue waiting and watching. I determined to wait five minutes more. I pulled out my watch, and laid it on the window-sill. Just as the minute hand was at twenty, I heard a rumbling sound. 'They are come at last,' said I; and true enough they were. In a minute more two coal-waggons stood in front of the houses of my right and left neighbours, and two coal-heavers were knocking lustily at their doors. I leaned out of window, and listened. Presently the two servants appeared. They said that they were not aware that any coals had been ordered. The men replied that they must have been. The maids said they would go and ask their mistresses. The mistresses came down in a state of the greatest excitement, and declared that no coals had been ordered. The men swore, the mistresses stormed, and the servants yawned; and not until after a very fiery altercation did the men, and their cursing and their coals, depart from the sight of the author of the mischief, who was enjoying the fun from his drawing-room window."

"And laughing in your sleeve," remarked Mompas.

"Rather so," said Carroll.

"What is your other practical joke?" asked Ethel Frere.

"I don't suppose you know Pringle's Gardens?" replied Carroll.

"No," answered the young lady.

"Well," said Carroll, "it does not matter whether you know Pringle's Gardens or whether you don't, as long as you know that one side of them is bounded by a long and rather low wall,—so low, that it is very easy for a person with felonious intentions to climb over it, and get to the houses. My friend, Jack Pratt, lodges in one of the houses there. He confided to me a dodge of the police for ascertaining when any one gets over the wall. Every night they tie to two nails, driven into the brickwork of the houses which abut the wall at either end, at about two or three inches above its top, the extremities of a piece of thread or worsted. Now, any person getting over the wall must break this in his passage; so the policeman on the beat, merely by putting up his hand and

feeling whether the slender thread is intact or not, can at once tell if he ought to suspect burglars. Pratt suggested that it would be an awful lark to break the string, one night; so I did it. When he came to the hospital the next day, he told me that the police had aroused all the inhabitants of Pringle's Gardens at half-past two o'clock in the morning, and had made a great search for imaginary thieves."

"Two of your fellows have just got into a pretty mess through their practical-joking propensities," said Mompas. "They've been had up before the magistrate for knocker-stealing."

"And serve them right too," replied Carroll. "That's a form of practical joking which I detest. I don't mind harmless fun; but I don't see why householders should be put to expense by a set of silly young rascals, who wrench their knockers from their doors. If I were a police magistrate, I would give every offender of the kind, brought before me, fourteen days, without the option of a fine."

"Have you been to a Spelling Bee yet, Miss Wellman?" asked Mompas.

"No," replied that lady; "and I do not

intend to; for it would never do for a governess to be beaten. Besides, I do not approve of them. People must be hard up for amusement, if they are obliged to resort to such a simple accomplishment as spelling for it; and the people who are amused in that way must be very dull and common-place, and most undesirable companions. Many of the cleverest people with whom I have come into contact have been bad spellers; and many of the most stupid have been very correct spellers. I do not at all see why there should be such an unnecessary parade of the art of spelling."

"The three last manias we have borrowed from our American cousins certainly do no credit to the good sense of English men and women," observed Mr. Mompas. "The 'Skating Rink' is but another 'croquet-ground'—a place where girls fish for husbands."

"Oh, how severe we are getting!" interposed Ethel Frere.

"A place where girls fish for husbands," repeated Mompas, sententiously, "and married women, but loosely bound by their matrimonial bonds, flirt with officers and dandies and pet curates. Those who 'rink' deserve their

tumbles. Then, the 'Looby and Bankey' religious excitement was a disgrace to the nation. How the British public could allow itself to be gulled by two such ignorant, impudent impostors I cannot imagine."

"The British public allows itself to be gulled by any fool!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll.

"There's a man in our office," continued Mr. Mompas, "who makes quite a trade out of the Spelling Bee mania. Both he and his wife attend every meeting in or near London, and are almost sure of getting one or two prizes a night. You need scarcely be informed that he is a Scotchman. He offered to sell me a ring, that had been given to him at one of these meetings, the other day. He said he would let me have it cheap; but I was afraid to buy it. I am as suspicious of a Scotchman as I am of a Jew."

"It is getting late," said Carroll. "I think we ought to go."

"Not yet," said Miss Wellman, placing two bottles upon the table.

"Have you anything more for us, then?" asked Carroll.

"You'd think me frightfully stingy, if I sent

you home without a nightcap," replied the young lady, with an arch smile. "There's some brandy for you gentlemen."

"Oh, what a charming housekeeper!" exclaimed her lover.

"I am afraid your love is cupboard love," said Miss Lucy.

"And a bottle of port for Miss Frere and myself."

"As I have to see Miss Frere safely back to her mamma's, I protest against her drinking half a bottle of port!" said Mr. Mompas.

"And as Miss Wellman is soon to become my wife, I protest against her getting into drinking habits before marriage!" said Carroll.

"Do be quiet and sensible, Mr. Carroll!" replied Miss Wellman; "and, if you like to be useful, draw those corks. Maria"—she turned to the servant—"have you a corkscrew?"

"I have one!" exclaimed Carroll, taking one from his pocket. "I never visit a lady without carrying a corkscrew with me; for, if one is wanted, they either have not one at all, or an extremely dilapidated one, with a broken tip that won't bore, or a handle that comes off at the first

tug, and generally finish up by sending round the corner or into the next house to borrow a patent one that won't act."

"Come, come," said Miss Wellman, "draw the corks, and don't talk. What a magpie of a husband I shall have!"

"If his tongue always discourses such pleasant nonsense as it does at present, you won't want him to be under the turf to make room for a second!" replied Carroll.

"Don't talk about a second!" said the young lady.

"Until you have killed your first," answered Carroll, with a hearty laugh. "Well, here goes. Pop! That's the brandy. Number One is the first law of nature. Now for the port!" He drew the cork, and placed it before the ladies. "There you are, mesdames: pray commence to imbibe your half-bottle each."

"You may smoke, if you like," said Miss Wellman.

"Since you have accorded your gracious permission, I will," replied Mr. Carroll.

He proceeded to light a cigar; and his example was immediately followed by Mompas and Boyne.

"I do so like the smell of smoke!" said Miss Wellman. "I almost wish that I was a man, so that I could smoke myself!"

"Pray don't let your being a woman prevent you," answered Carroll. "I don't object to the fairer sex smoking at all. I do not see why they should not exercise the same freedom in their tastes as men. I hate to see a man smoke because he thinks it foppish, or a woman because she considers it 'fast'; but any individual of either sex that is fond of smoking, and does not smoke on account of the opinions of others, is, to say the least, a simpleton! Shall I make you a cigarette?"

"No, thank you; although I may become as unconventional as you, some day," said Miss Wellman, with a smile. "There's no knowing what continual contact with such a wild person as you will bring about. But I do not think I should ever come to taking a stroll and a cigarette with you in the street, while you are smoking your cigar or pipe."

"I don't think I should let you either, unconventional as I am," replied Carroll.

"You are adopting the authoritative rather too early in the day!" exclaimed the lady.

"Only rehearsing," replied Carroll. "Smoke as many cigarettes as you like indoors; but don't blow your cloud outside: it's low for a lady!"

"And no English lady would think of 'blowing her cloud,' as you call it, in public," replied Lucy, emphatically.

"And you least of all," said Carroll, "as I well know. So you need not be peppery."

The lady denied that she was peppery; and, after some more good-humoured banter all round, the party broke up, Miss Wellman and Miss Frere exchanging kisses, like a couple of sisters, before parting.

On the day before his marriage, Carroll paid a visit to Doctors' Commons for the purpose of buying a "licence." After that most important business was concluded, he called upon his two friends, Mompas and Boyne. They were both in, and both able to go out for half an hour; so the trio adjourned to a tavern which Mr. Mompas informed them was celebrated for its brown sherry, and where Carroll and his two friends made merry over the coming event.

"Well, old boy," said Mompas, raising his glass to his lips, "here's your health! By

this time to-morrow"—he looked at the clock; it was twelve—"you will be a gone 'coon!"

"Yes," said Boyne; "you'll have put a yoke around your neck which may gall a little, although, from my knowledge of the lady, I don't think she will gall you much!"

"Pleasure unalloyed is insipid," replied Carroll. "I shall tell her to give me a thorough good rating regularly once a week, so that we may appreciate the benefits of love and concord."

"I don't know that Carroll is altogether wrong in getting married," said Mompas to Boyne, after the medical student had left them.

"He may be acting a little rashly," replied Gerald; "but he has a good body and a good head, and will never allow either himself or those who belong to him to be in want. When Carroll puts forth his strength, he is able to cope with any situation."

On the afternoon of that day Carroll borrowed the lady's keeper, and purchased the wedding-ring. He was rather nervous, and was glad that none of his friends had accompanied him to watch him.

On the night preceding the wedding, Carroll

and his two friends decidedly took more than was good for them; in fact, the "father" (Mompas) awoke with such a headache that he vowed he would become a teetotaller. The vow was broken before two hours were over!

CHAPTER IX.

A WEDDING.

"You look very strange about the eyes," remarked Miss Ethel Frere, when the Custom House clerk called for her.

"Do I?" exclaimed he, surveying his visage in the looking-glass. He was fond of the looking-glass.

"You look as if you had been up all night, or," said Ethel, in a low voice, "as if you went to bed tipsy."

"I had a bad attack of neuralgia, which kept me awake the whole night," replied Mompas, without minding Ethel's low voice.

"Will you take some 'Bavis's Fluid'?" eagerly suggested Mrs. Frere.

"Or some chlorodyne?" laughingly suggested Ethel.

"No, thank you," replied Mompas. "Carroll does not agree with quack medicines, and I think he's right. He agrees with treating ailments by their opposites; so, as my neuralgia burns, I think I had better see if a brandy-and-soda will not cure it."

"I've often heard of opposites curing opposites," said Mrs. Frere, looking very grave and learned.

"I think brandy-and-soda will cure Mr. Mompas," added Ethel, with a smile that only Mompas observed.

After Mr. Mompas had finished his brandy and soda-water he felt able to order the servant to fetch a cab, and to proceed in the cab to the lodgings of Miss Wellman, accompanied by Miss Ethel Frere.

The future Mrs. Carroll was ready and waiting for them, although, for politeness sake, she made them wait for a few minutes before they again entered the cab to go to the church.

"My landlady is so sorry to lose me," said she; "and I have received another wedding present."

"You're in luck's way," remarked Ethel.

"But it's of no use," said Lucy, laughing.

"The servant has presented me with a couple of blue and gilt glass vases, fit for nothing but the dust-bin. It was very kind of her, so I must not be sarcastic."

On their arrival at the church, they were met by Boyne, who told them that the bridegroom was in the vestry with the parson.

Presently Mr. Carroll, radiant with smiles, and with a flower in his button-hole, joined the party, which was then conducted by the sextoness to the foot of the altar. Not being a draper's assistant, I am, unfortunately, unable to describe the bride's toilette for the edification of my lady-readers; but I can assure them that it was neat and elegant.

"Now is your time: if you want to draw back," said Carroll, gaily, to Miss Wellman, "you can. There is no knot tied yet. Although I have paid for the 'To our trusty and well-beloved, greeting,' it need not be used if you do not desire it to be."

"As it is paid for," replied Lucy, with a smile, "it had better be used. I would not have you waste your money for the world."

"I say, old fellow," whispered Mompas, "you have the ring all right?"

The medical student felt in his pocket, and replied in the affirmative.

"It would be awkward for the clerk to have to bolt for the church-door key in the midst of the service," remarked Mompas.

The sextoness then explained to them where they had to stand, and impressed on them that, when they signed their names in the vestry after the ceremony, they were to be very careful, as no erasures were allowed in the register. Soon the parson, preceded by his clerk, marched gravely up the aisle. The "father" and the bride and bridegroom took their places in front of the altar, and the clergyman commenced reading the Marriage Service in such a solemn and pompous manner that Mr. Mompas had great difficulty in keeping from laughing; indeed, the Customs clerk could not have kept his countenance, had he not firmly fixed his eyes on some particular spot in the roof. Neither of the principals was very nervous; but Carroll was the more nervous of the two. His face was rather pale; his hands trembled slightly. When the "I will" had to be pronounced, they both said "Yes" instead, and were corrected by the

parson. Just before the ring was required, Mr. Mompas uttered "Ring" in a loud whisper, which behaviour drew upon him a reproachful look from the clergyman. Upon the conclusion of the ceremony they proceeded to the vestry where they were received by the parson in the most affable manner (parsons usually are affable when they are about to receive fees). He complimented the new Mrs. Carroll on the plainness of her handwriting, passed a joke with Mr. Mompas, and courteously informed the newly made husband that his fee was one pound, three shillings, and sevenpence. I like that way of naming the fee: it is much more gentlemanly and business-like than the old plan of trusting to the bridegroom's generosity. The matter of the fee being settled, the reverend gentleman wished the young couple the customary "every earthly happiness," shook hands with all the party, and bowed them out. The four then repaired to the bride's lodgings, where a nice little breakfast awaited them. Mr. Mompas got rather elevated with champagne, and wanted to make a speech—a proceeding which Carroll most strenuously objected to, but which he

only prevented by despatching his friend to fetch his portmanteau, which he had left at Mrs. Bokes's.

A hansom cab soon took him to Mrs. Bokes's.

"Wait for me," said he to the driver, as he got out of the cab, and rushed up the steps to the door.

"All right, sir," replied the driver.

"Mrs. Bokes!" cried Mompas, at the head of the kitchen stairs.

"Yes, sir," replied that lady.

"Guess what frightful occurrence has taken place this morning."

"Have the French invaded the kingdom?"

"No, nor the Dutch, nor the sausage-eating Germans; and the Russians have not marched into India. Guess again."

"Is it an earthquake, a gas-explosion, or a railway accident? Don't tell me the number of killed and injured—pray don't. I can't a-bear the hearing of 'orrors. It sets me wrong for the day."

"No, it's not that," replied Mompas, laughing.

"P'raps it's a murder, then," exclaimed Mrs. Bokes—"what the newspapers call a 'frightful

tragedy.' A wicked man may have killed his innocent wife and dear little family, and then have cut his own throat."

"No, it's not that. But I won't keep you in suspense any longer. It is this. This morning I have been father to a lady nearly as old as myself, and Mr. Carroll has married her; and now I am come to fetch his portmanteau, as he and Mrs. Carroll are going into the country for a week."

"I am surprised!" exclaimed Mrs. Bokes. "I suppose he'll be going away. I shall be very sorry to lose him. He's such a nice, pleasant gentleman. He isn't proud, like some of 'em."

"You are not going to lose him," said Mompas. "He requested me to ask you to get his rooms nicely cleaned by the time he brings his wife back; and he thinks that you had better give him a new hearth-rug."

"He shall have it!" said Mrs. Bokes, heartily. "His wife—whoever she is—"

"She's a very pleasant little lady," interposed Mompas.

"Well, pleasant or unpleasant, she shall

never be able to say that his room is like a pigsty," replied the landlady.

"That's all right," said Mompas, running upstairs to Carroll's room.

In a minute or so more Carroll's portmanteau was on the roof of the cab, in front of the driver, and Mr. Mompas was upon his return journey.

"You have not been long," said Boyne, when Mompas again appeared amongst them.

"No," replied the Government clerk. "I only just stopped to startle Mother Bokes with the news, and then picked up the portmanteau, and back I came."

When Lucy bade good-bye, and entered the cab, the landlady cried, the maid cried; and their tears proved so infectious that the lodger in the parlour-floor, a tender-hearted old widow lady of eighty-three, also dropped a tear from sympathy.

We will leave our newly married couple to continue their journey, and amuse themselves according to their inclinations, without reporting on them. Newly married couples are best left alone. They are as insipid as sucking-pig to

everybody but themselves. It must be admitted, though, that this pair tried to keep their foolery as much as possible to themselves, and did not cause other people any more annoyance than they could possibly help. They were decidedly more considerate than most fresh-wedded ones.

"How do you like Miss Frere?" asked Mompas of Boyne that evening.

"Very much."

"I only wish I had a larger screw or Carroll's rashness," said the Custom House clerk, in a melancholy voice.

That sentence revealed to Gerald the secret of the Custom House clerk.

"Faint heart never won fair lady!" said our hero.

"What's the good to win her, when you only have a beggarly salary from a stingy Government office to support her on?" exclaimed Mr. Mompas. "Why, if we got married, we should have to live in Poverty Bay. That's where most of the married men in our office reside, if little draughty, one-brick-thick holes can be called residences."

Gerald had to endure another chapter of Mr. Mompas's troubles, in which he blamed every relation that he had for his misfortunes, and finished up by saying that, if his father had not been such a fool, he would have been in a position to marry Miss Frere. Gerald, of course, agreed with him in everything, and was devoutly thankful when he had finished his recital.

"Who d'ye think was married to-day, Bokes?" asked the lady of that gentleman, as he was smoking his pipe before the kitchen fire.

"How should I know?" answered Mr. Bokes, gruffly.

"Well, if you don't want to know, I won't tell you," replied his loving spouse, in an offended tone.

"How can I tell?" exclaimed Mr. Bokes. "Oceans get married and oceans die in a day; so what's the use of guessing?"

"It's one that tried to make you a sober man," said the lady, severely.

"A good many have tried to do that: teetotals as well as others," replied the incorrigible Mr. Bokes.

"Mr. Carroll, the kind friend, who has doctored you for nothing."

"I rather think," answered her husband, drily, "that you and him together used to doctor me until you almost poisoned me."

"'T was all for your good," exclaimed Mrs. Bokes, indignantly.

"If a stomach-ache fit to kill one, and being as sick as a dog, is all for a man's good," replied the husband, "I should like to know what was all for a man's ill?"

"You don't know anything," exclaimed the wife.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bokes. "Well, Mr. Carroll is married, is he? All the harm I wish him is that his wife won't serve him as you've served me."

"I've been far too good a wife to you," replied Mrs. Bokes, angrily.

"I expect our wedding was grander than theirs, old gal," said Bokes, after a few moments' silence, by way of cajoling his wife into a good temper again.

"Ah," answered the lady, proudly, "we had more carriages and pairs of greys than

could be turned out of one livery stable, at ours. And the champagne—”

“Well,” said her husband, interrupting her, “we won’t say much about that, Mrs. Bokes: that was flat. Old Mr. Burritt gave it to you, didn’t he? He’d never give anything away worth keeping.”

“No,” replied his wife, sharply, “it was not Mr. Burritt that gave it to me at all. It was a Mr. Whipple—a gentleman that you never set eyes upon—he gave me the champagne years and years before I was married. I kept it, and it got spoiled in the keeping. That’s the right of the matter. You always must revert to something annoying. If I had known you were going to be such a bad bargain, I would never have had such a fine wedding.”

“You might have done worse,” said Mr. Bokes, quietly.

“Not if I’d married a sweep,” exclaimed the lady, contemptuously.

“A sweep’s complexion would certainly agree with the blackness of your looks sometimes, my dear,” said Bokes, with a chuckle.

“If you don’t keep a civil tongue in your head, I’ll just turn you out of doors. That’s

what I'll do with you," answered the angry wife. "I've kept you in idleness long enough."

Mr. Bokes's chuckle suddenly ceased, and he soon afterwards retired to bed.

CHAPTER X.

A SHORT HONEYMOON.

IN a few days, Mompas received the following letter from Carroll:—

“Crown Hotel, Angleburgh,

“Tuesday Evening.

“DEAR MOMPAS,—We are enjoying ourselves as well as we can at this dull place. We take long walks, and visit the places around, during the day, and at night sit still and look at each other; for there is nothing else to do, except smoke. I have tried everywhere to obtain novels and magazines, but my efforts have been fruitless. The only literature to be obtained here are the daily papers and a few antiquated romances in such vile print as to render them quite unreadable by candle-light.

The country around here is intersected by innumerable canals and lines of rail. It is quite dangerous for a person unacquainted with it to wander out at night. I walked out last evening for a smoke, and narrowly escaped being cut in two by a railway train and walking straight into one of the canals. You may expect us back before the time I mentioned. I don't consider it safe for a married man, who is not tired of his life, to stay much longer in such a dangerous neighbourhood. Besides, we have exhausted the place. Please tell Mrs. Bokes to have all prepared for us.

"With kindest regards from us both to Boyne and yourself,

"I am,

"Yours very sincerely,

"BOB CARROLL."

"I told him," remarked Mompas to Boyne, as he put away the letter, "that Angleburgh was a very good place for fishermen, but a very bad one for spending a honeymoon."

A day or two after, a cab drove up to Mrs. Bokes's door, and Carroll and his bride alighted. Mrs. Bokes was in the passage in the twinkling

of an eye, and was pouring forth congratulations with extraordinary volubility, and smirking and smiling to her heart's content.

"How do you do, Mr. Carroll?" said the good lady. "I wish you joy and prosperity, sir; and I hope you have enjoyed your wedding trip—although it has not been a very long one. This is your good lady, I presume [*a curtsy*]. I hope you'll accept my best wishes, ma'am. I've known Mr. Carroll a long time, ma'am; and there isn't a nicer gentleman alive. If you are not happy with him, you couldn't be happy with anybody."

The good lady paused to take breath.

"You see, Mrs. Carroll," said the student, laughing, "what a good character your husband has!"

"I am afraid Mrs. Bokes flatters you," replied Lucy.

"Not a bit, ma'am; not a bit; not one whit, ma'am!" reiterated the loquacious landlady. "I hope you'll find everything you want in your rooms. I have made them look as smart as I can. But how silly of me, keeping you talking here after a long journey." (Mrs. Bokes was the only talker: if the others had

wanted to have got in a word, they could not have done so.) "If you want anything, pray ask for it." So continued good Mrs. Bokes until she heard that Mr. and Mrs. Carroll had reached the landing leading to their apartments.

"What nice little rooms!" said Lucy, clapping her hands.

"I could never have believed the old lady could have made them look so smart," replied Carroll.

"But, Bob," exclaimed Lucy, pointing to the various skeletal parts about the room, "you must put those bones away: they look too professional!"

"All right: I can stow them away in an old box I have in the bedroom!"

The pair occupied themselves in finding the box, putting the obnoxious bones out of sight, and placing the medical works, which Lucy said might do incalculable damage to the moral character of the servant, if she pryed into them, safely under lock and key. Then the pipes were examined, and all that were not in use, or were useless, were ordered by the young wife to be taken away, so that the mantelshelf

should not be "littered with rubbish"; and Carroll's music was put straight, and his papers arranged; until, at last, no one could have doubted that a woman occupied a place of authority in the student's small establishment.

Presently Mrs. Bokes entered, and asked if Mrs. Carroll would like anything. Lucy replied that she would like a cup of tea.

Women always like "a cup of tea" when they are a little fatigued; men prefer "a cup" of something else, or a glass of brandy-and-water.

Soon after Mrs. Carroll had finished her cup of tea, Boyne and Mompas paid them a visit. Mr. Mompas bore his jugs and Miss Frere's butter-dish; and Boyne carried in his hand a case containing the fish slice and fork.

"I hope you will accept these," said Mompas, depositing his burden on the table. "I promised you jugs, and, behold! you have them. The butter-dish, you know, is from Miss Frere."

"It's very, very kind of her," said Lucy, surveying her presents, "and very kind of you: the jugs are beautiful!"

"I am delighted to hear you like them,

said the Custom House clerk. "May some one or other of them never be empty when I am expected; and may Ethel Frere's butter-dish never contain sour butter!"

"I'll take good care of that, old fellow!" exclaimed Carroll; "for I neither like empty jugs nor sour butter!"

"I should have liked to have given you something handsomer," remarked Mompas, somewhat apologetically to Lucy; "but," added he, after a short pause, "your husband knows my salary."

"And," said Carroll, "although he is very much obliged to you, he fears you have pinched yourself."

"Not at all; not at all," replied the clerk, nonchalantly.

If he had owned the truth, he would have said that luncheons had been more frequent than dinners that week.

Boyne's present was as much admired as those of Mompas and Miss Frere.

"You did not care much for Angleburgh?" said Gerald.

"Very good place for a couple of days," replied Carroll. "You can see everything of

interest in the neighbourhood in that time; and then it's awfully dull! We had nothing to do, but eat, drink, sleep, and smoke (that is, I smoked: Mrs. C. has not taken to cigarettes, yet)."

"His apartment certainly looks all the more tidy for your presence, Mrs. Carroll," remarked Mompas, glancing at the various improvements.

"Yes," said Carroll, "she has put everything out of place!"

The young lady smiled, and was pleased to find that her efforts had been so successful as to attract the attention of her husband's friends.

The young couple at once commenced their daily work. They breakfasted at eight o'clock, and at half-past nine Lucy went out to her pupils, whilst Carroll either passed the greater part of the day at the hospital, or in reading or writing hard. At half-past six (the time at which Mrs. Carroll returned home) they had dinner, and the greater part of the rest of the evening was either devoted to friends or amusement. Carroll would make his wife take some wine after dinner; but when she discovered that he denied it to himself, she refused to do

so, on the plea that it gave her a headache. Bob saw through the refusal, and insisted on her obeying the orders of her medical adviser; and upon this she declared that if he left off taking wine she would do the same; so there was nothing for Bob to do but compromise the matter, that is, they took one glass each a day, and made a bottle last nearly a week. Upon Carroll's allowance from his uncle, his literary earnings, and the income his wife gained by teaching, they lived very comfortably and very happily. The only times that they had tiffs was when the one tried to practise self-denial for the sake of the other. Mompas and Boyne were, of course, frequent visitors; and Miss Frere was by no means an unfrequent one. Whenever she was there, Mr. Mompas always managed to be at home. It was strange, as Mrs. Carroll once remarked to her husband.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. MOMPAS IS MELANCHOLY.

MRS. BOKES little knew that her house was soon to contain two young couples. It was, though; and they were to live one over the other; and the reader will now be informed how it came to pass.

One evening, when "that dear little creetur" (as Mrs. Bokes always called her), Mrs. Carroll, was sitting alone—her husband and Boyne had gone out for a walk—she heard a gentle knock at her door. Upon her saying, "Come in," it slowly opened, and allowed the form of Mompas to enter. The face of the Government clerk looked careworn. Lucy's first thought, on noticing this, was that he had got in debt; but, on her remembering that he was never

out of debt, she at once dismissed that conjecture as to the cause of his sorrow.

"How are you this evening?" said Lucy, cheerfully.

"Very well, thank you," replied Mompas, dismally, as he took a seat.

"You don't look well."

"Don't I?" answered the Government clerk, with a very poor attempt at a smile.

"No, indeed," said Lucy; "you look as if you were grieving about something."

"You are not far out," replied Mompas, with something that was very like a little sigh.

"Is there anything very serious the matter?"

"You'd laugh at me if I told you."

"No, I would not," replied Lucy, emphatically.

"Well, then," said Mompas, with a faint smile, "I'm in love."

"I knew that. And I know with whom—Ethel Frere."

"Yes."

"You ought not to be sad about that; for I am sure she is quite as much in love with you as you are with her."

"It's very bad to be in love, when you know you'll never be able to afford to get married."

"You take too dismal a view of your case."

"Of course," said Mompas; "I knew that you would say that. People who are happy always say such things to people who are unhappy. Because you and Carroll are married and happy, a poor, unhappy devil, who wants to marry, and can't, takes too dismal a view of his own case!"

"So you do," replied Lucy, authoritatively. "When people in love have not enough money to marry on, they must contrive, by some means or other, to augment their income until they have."

"How can a clerk, in the worst paid of all Government offices (I wish I had never entered the hole), with no prospect of promotion, possibly marry? Why, I have barely enough to keep myself now!" exclaimed Mr. Mompas.

"You don't appear to understand me," said Lucy, smiling.

"I knew you'd laugh at me," said Mompas, interrupting her.

"But I am not laughing at you. I am giving you very good advice," replied Lucy. "I say that, as you have only a small income, either you or Ethel must augment it in some way."

"I can't think of a way of earning any extra money," replied Mompas, mournfully.

"Think over the matter for a few days, and I have no doubt love will lend you ingenuity."

"And as for Ethel adding to our stock, I don't know what she could do," said Mompas, thoughtfully. "She's too old for the Post Office," added he, with a pitiful attempt at mirth.

"She is well educated. Why does she not take to teaching?" asked Lucy.

"Perhaps she could do that," said Mompas.

"Well, you see, there's hope in the horizon yet."

"If you had heard what old Mrs. Frere said to me about an hour ago," replied Mompas, dolefully, "you'd say there was precious little of it."

"What did she say, then?" inquired Lucy.

“Why,” answered Mompas, “she said she wanted to speak to me privately for a few minutes, so I accompanied her into another room. ‘I am afraid,’ said she, ‘that you and Ethel have fallen in love with each other.’ She waited for a moment, as if she expected me to reply, but I thought I would wait and hear her out; and then she continued,—‘You know, Mr. Mompas, I am very partial to you, indeed, and there is no one I should so like for a son-in-law as yourself, if you only had a little more money. You see, your salary is small. It is really not enough to keep Ethel in the way she has been used to from her cradle upwards. I implore you not to form any rash engagement with her. If you truly love her, you will not mar her future by telling her of it. My dear Mr. Mompas, you know I love you as a son’ (Ethel declares she’d like to love me as a husband). ‘You must not, for one moment, contemplate a union between yourself and Ethel. It would be the ruin of you both; for you are both poor. I know I pain you, my dear Mr. Mompas, and you can’t think how sorry I am for it.’ An old female Judas! What a rage she’d have been in, if

I had told her that Ethel and had been engaged a year and more! Of course I could safely promise her that I would not enter into any rash engagement, as I had before entered into one."

"If you do not fulfil it, I hope Ethel will enter an action of breach of promise against you," remarked Lucy, smiling.

"I'd fulfil my part of the contract fast enough, if I could only see my way to my making, or the pair of us making, enough to live comfortably on," replied Mompas; "as to Ethel—"

"I'll answer for her that she is every bit as eager to be Mrs. Mompas as you are to make her so," said Lucy.

"You were eager to be Mrs. Carroll, I suppose," answered Mompas, slyly.

"Well," replied Lucy, with a little tinge of red on her pretty cheeks, "all lovers like to get united as soon as they possibly can, I believe. I hope Bob's poor dear old uncle won't be very angry with him for his imprudent (so he will call it, doubtless) match. If he is, we must make the best of it. I can go on working until Bob brings in enough to keep the both of

us. Bob's uncle is the only thing that troubles us. He's a kind of a sword of Damocles hanging over our heads; he's like unpaid rates and taxes. I shall really be glad when he knows all, and when we know the worst."

"I felt as if something worse than a sword of Damocles was hanging over my head when Mrs. Frere was talking to me," exclaimed Mompas.

"Dismiss your intended mother-in-law from your mind. Think only of Ethel. Try one of Bob's cigars," said the lady, handing him her husband's cigar-case, "and see whether a cloud of smoke can dispel the clouds that make you sad."

"But what will Bob say to me for taking his cigars?"

"Don't fear," said the lady, laughing; "Bob is never angry with me, except when I try to be too economical."

"Well, then, I will try one."

After Mompas had smoked a little, he brightened up, and, by the time Boyne and Carroll returned from their walk, he was quite lively.

"Ah, Mompas," exclaimed Carroll," as he

entered the room, "smoking a cigar! Have you been promoted to a chief-clerkship in consideration of your eminent abilities and your unremitting zeal, 'or kicked out, with a good lump sum down, for your eminent dunder-headedness?"

"Neither, sir, I assure you," replied the Customs clerk. "This cigar is one of your own, sir," — Mr. Mompas, in some of his humorous moods, was in the habit of "sir-ring" the person with whom he was conversing in nearly every sentence: the word "sir" he then pronounced "sare,"—"and a very much better one it is, sir, than you generally smoke. You want to know how I obtained it, sir. It being one of your own, I can neither have pawned my chimney-pot, nor my dress shoes, nor Mrs. Bokes's flat iron, to buy it. You, of course, in your excess of wisdom (I never knew a doctor that wasn't exceeding wise, even when he was *asinus asinorum*, that is to say—ladies are not supposed to know Latin, and doctors only know the dog-Latin in which they write their prescription, so I translate for the benefit of yourself and Mrs. Carroll,—and that is to say, the ass of asses, or the greatest

ass in Christendom). As I have made rather a long parenthesis, and am afraid that you will not be able to follow out the context, I will begin the sentence again, and leave out the parentheses. You, in your excess of wisdom, will think that I have stolen this cigar from your case, or some one must have stolen it for me. Sir, you are wrong—exceedingly wrong. Your wife, sir, asked me to take one of your cigars, and I took one ; and, as I said before, it is a much better one than you usually keep, either for yourself or your friends.”

“ I expect,” said Carroll, turning to his wife, “ that you have been giving Mompas some of my brandy, as well as one of my cigars, from the way he talks.”

“ He was very melancholy before I gave him the cigar,” replied Lucy.

“ Mompas melancholy !” exclaimed Carroll ; “ that ’s a new feature in his character. I ’ve seen Mompas sulky, ill-tempered, indignant, pompous, priggish, and in a hundred other moods ; but I have never seen him melancholy yet. Do oblige me, and be melancholy again, Mompas.”

“ I am very sorry I can’t oblige you,” replied

the Government clerk ; but your cigar has quite made me a changed man."

"There must be great virtue in my cigars," said Carroll. "I never knew that they were a cure for melancholy before. However, the next time I am melancholy, I'll try one."

"I am afraid I shall have you melancholy very often," remarked his wife, smiling. "It will be an excuse to take a smoke ; now you do not smoke regularly."

"Whatever made Mompas melancholy ?" asked Carroll of Lucy.

"I do not think I ought to tell," replied Mrs. Carroll.

"No, don't tell," exclaimed Mompas, with an imploring look. "Those fellows would only chaff me."

"I am sure they would not," said Lucy. "They would sympathize with you and advise you."

"What is it ?" asked her husband. "Tell me, like an obedient wife."

"Obey is all very well in the marriage service," said the young lady ; "but I suppose I had better tell you. I see that Mr. Boyne is dying with curiosity, as well as yourself. You-

are as curious as any two old women. You must understand that Mr. Mompas is in love with Miss Frere."

"What!" exclaimed Carroll. "Mompas in love! Why I thought he was a woman-hater."

"He is too sensible to be that," answered Lucy. "Of course, he is anxious to get married; but he can't afford to do so on his salary. Can either of you gentlemen think of a plan by which he could increase his income?"

"Why does he not try and get some literary work?" said Carroll. "He has written several dramas, comedies, and farces; why does he not try and get theatrical managers to accept some of them?"

"What!" exclaimed Boyne, in surprise, "is Mompas an author?"

"Yes; he is afflicted with the desire to blacken reams of paper with other than Government ink. Often, when the church clock strikes twelve, if you visited Mr. Mompas's apartment, you would find him in the frenzy of composition, seated at his writing-table, pen in hand, ready to jot down the

thoughts which fleet rapidly through his brilliant mind upon the white paper before him."

"You ought to have been a 'Special Correspondent,' Carroll," said Mompas. "I'd back you at filling a couple of columns with nothing against any one. You are a regular bag-pipe."

"I should like to read some of Mompas's pieces," remarked Boyne.

"Oh, he'll let you," answered Carroll: "he's not shy with friends; he only fights shy of the public; and, why he does so, I don't know. I have read a good many of his things, and I think that he writes as good rubbish as other writers. He is too diffident as to his merits in that way, although in general he's so abominably conceited. There are many men, greater rogues and greater fools than Mompas, who make a fine income out of the public: I am sure I don't see why he should not do the same. I am going to my literary friend to-morrow: I will ask him for his advice on the subject."

The next morning Carroll was sitting with the writer in his chambers, in the Temple.

"There, you see," said Carroll, holding out

some papers, "those are the chief points in which the two philosophers differ."

"Not much difference either," replied the writer."

"Still they have given rise to endless discussions."

"Philosophers and doctors are always fond of hair-splitting discussions, which do no good to anybody—not even to themselves, for they frequently breed a good deal of ill-feeling."

"Yes," replied Carroll. "Gods may change; theories may change; still, the universe remains the same grand mystery as before, feeding itself on itself, and from the dead bringing forth life. I wonder whether there ever was a beginning at all!"

"Come," said his companion, with a smile, "keep your philosophy until we have finished off these two gentlemen. Three philosophers at one time are too much for my poor brain: they would be as nauseous as an exhaustive (if it could ever be exhausted) lecture upon the Greek digamma. Come, let us commence. You read out your notes, and I'll lick them into shape as you go on."

Whilst the two are thus engaged, a few words may not be amiss concerning the owner of the chambers. He was a handsome man, of about five-and-thirty years of age, and—like many other members of the literary profession—was a briefless barrister. As, after his “call to the Bar,” no signs of practice showed themselves, he resolved to devote himself to literature. He wrote plays which no manager would accept, and one or two which were accepted and damned, and novels which would not “sell,” in spite of the puffings of the publishers. Finding these two lines unprofitable, he next turned his attention to the press, and succeeded in making a comfortable income out of the articles and reviews which he contributed to it. The name of this gentleman was Frank Ralston.

“You may as well stay and have luncheon with me,” said Mr. Ralston, after they had finished their work.

“Thanks,” replied the medical student.

“Give me a hand with the cloth,” said Ralston, taking the table-cloth from the drawer of a chiffonier.

The cloth was laid, the knives and forks

were placed, when the barrister brought from a cupboard a cold fowl.

"Will you take sherry or sauterne?" asked Ralston of Carroll.

"Sauterne, please."

"There you are, then," replied the barrister, placing a quart bottle of that wine upon the table.

The two sat down to their repast.

"Capital sauterne!" remarked Carroll.

"Yes, it is good," replied Ralston. "A friend sent me a couple of dozen of it yesterday."

"I only wish a friend would do the same to me," exclaimed the student.

"I can give you the wine-merchant's name and address, if you like?" said Ralston.

"Thank you," replied Carroll; "they would be useless to me, for my palate tells me that the price of this is above my limited income."

"Poor Peter Brandt is dead," said Ralston.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Carroll. "I am very sorry to hear it. He was getting so popular."

"You know his real name, I suppose?"

"No. I thought Peter Brandt was his real name," replied Carroll.

"That was only a *nom de plume*," said Ralston; "his real name was John Hawkins. Poor Jack! he leaves a widow and two little children very badly provided for. It is not his fault, though. He did his best; and, if he had only lived, money would soon have flowed in fast, for he was getting into the front rank of popular authors. We must do something for poor Mrs. Hawkins and the children. We can't let the wife and children of our old friend want." There was silence for some moments, which was suddenly broken by Ralston saying,—"By-the-bye, I have not given you your share of our last collaboration, have I?"

"No," replied Carroll.

"There it is, then," said the barrister, pushing two bright sovereigns towards him.

"Thank you," said Carroll, as he put them in his pocket. "I want to ask your advice."

"What about?"

"Why, I have a friend, a clerk in a Government office, whose income is inconveniently small. Now he would like to add to it by some means or other—by doing a little literary

work, for instance. I think he would make a very good dramatic critic. I can vouch for his being an excellent judge of acting. Could you put him in the way of getting such a post?"

"Well," replied Ralston, "I'll let you into a secret. There is a new weekly journal about to be started. It will sniff the air for the first time in about a fortnight. I have accepted its editorship. Get your friend to send me a specimen of his dramatic criticism. If it suits, I will take him on my staff."

"I shall be exceedingly indebted to you if you can give him a place."

"Pray don't mention it, my dear fellow," said Ralston. "If he suits, he'll do for the paper as well as any other, and perhaps better, for new brooms sweep cleaner than old ones. He may be more careful and conscientious than the older ones."

CHAPTER XII.

A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

THE moment Carroll heard Mompas ascending the stairs that evening, he rushed out to meet him.

"Get your tea over quickly," said Carroll, hurriedly, "for we must be off to a theatre."

"What do you mean?" asked the Government clerk, in astonishment.

"What do I mean?" exclaimed Carroll. "Why I mean what I said. But Mrs. Bokes's slavey may be rather long in getting your tea-things ready, so you had better come in and have a snack with us. We are just going to sit down to dinner."

He took hold of the bewildered Mr. Mompas by his two shoulders, and pushed him into his apartment.

"How do you do, Mrs. Carroll?" said Mompas to Lucy, who was laughing at the surprise which was depicted on his countenance. "Is your husband mad?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied Lucy; "although the good news he has for you may have unsettled his brain a little. But take a seat. I'll ring for an extra knife and fork."

Mompas did as he was bid; and soon the extra knife and fork, and the little slavey (not quite so dirty as when she got up that morning), made their appearance, and then Carroll assisted his friend to some meat.

"You'll take some bottled ale, I suppose?" said Lucy, filling the clerk's glass.

"Thank you," replied the clerk; "but what is this good news?"

"Do tell him," said Lucy. "He won't be able to eat a mouthful before you tell him, Bob."

"Well, then," exclaimed Carroll, "through my interest, sir, you are to be appointed dramatic critic to a new journal that is to come out in about a fortnight."

"Is not that good news?" said Lucy. "You'll soon be able to marry Ethel now."

"But is it true?" asked Mr. Mompas.

"True!" exclaimed Carroll. "Of course it is. Do you think that I would condescend to humbug you?"

"Well," replied the clerk, "you have condescended to humbug me before."

"But I am not humbugging you now," said Carroll. "Ralston has said that he will take you on his staff, if he finds specimens of your work up to the mark."

"If," said Mompas, with a shudder.

"You need not be afraid," continued Carroll. "I am perfectly certain that you are quite competent to fulfil all the arduous duties that are exacted from a dramatic critic. You can talk about the grace and truth of Miss Dash's acting, and the vigour of Mr. Splash's, and the elegance of Mr. De Pumpville, the favourite of all the female part of the audience, whether they belong to the aristocracy or the *demi-monde* (which is related in an indirect way to the male portion of the upper ten), and who is supposed to be the lover of the handsome Countess of Squeezepore, wife of the stingy and imbecile old earl. You can do that as well as any man. Dish up with a few well-

turned, flowery, highly inflated sentences about the talented author, the elegance of his diction, the wit, humour, and pathos of his dialogue, his powerful situations, his highly ingenious and novel plot (even if it be as old as Adam), and, behold, your highly spiced dramatic criticism is finished! At what theatre will you try your powers first, my sucking dramatic censor?"

"I don't know," replied Mompas.

"That's right," said Carroll; "your modesty shows your power. I will decide for you. What say you to Shakspeare—'Romeo and Juliet'?"

"That will do as well as any other."

"Well, if you have had enough bottled beer and dinner, I think we will start."

"I am quite ready," answered Mompas.

"Will you go, Lucy?" inquired Carroll of his wife.

"I should be very pleased to," replied Mrs. Carroll.

"Then you must get dressed as quickly as possible, for we have not much time to lose."

Lucy tripped into the bed-room to obey

her lord's commands, while he descended to Boyne's room.

"Mompas is going to sit in judgment upon 'Romeo and Juliet,' or rather upon the actors who play in it," said Carroll.

"What!" exclaimed Gerald, "has he obtained the post of dramatic critic already?"

"No," replied Carroll; "but, in all probability, he will before to-morrow is over. He has to send in a specimen to my friend Ralston; and if it is accepted, he will take Mompas on his staff. Will you accompany us to the theatre to-night?"

"Yes," replied Gerald. "I must see Mompas sit as a judge for the first time."

As soon as Lucy was ready (and she did not keep her husband as long as most ladies), the four started for the playhouse.

"I don't think a dramatic critic ought to travel to the theatre in this mean fashion," said Mr. Carroll, as soon as they had reached the top of the street. "It's not sufficiently dignified. Walking is well enough for ordinary persons; but then a dramatic censor is an extraordinary person, or, at least, he often uses very extraordinary words. Why, if some

envious individuals knew that you went in this manner, they would, for ever after, swear that you wore paper dickies and cleaned white kid gloves. We must go in a coach."

The medical student hailed a cab. When they reached the theatre, they took four places in that modest part of the house, called "the upper boxes."

"Your next visit will be to the stalls, old fellow," whispered Carroll. "I shall call upon you for tickets tolerably often: Lucy is very fond of the theatre."

"If I get the appointment, you will have more right to them than any one else," replied Mompas.

"Programme, sir?" said the man, who was carrying them about.

"Yes," said Carroll.

"We don't want one," said Mompas; "I know the cast!"

"Give me one," said Carroll, tendering the man the money.

"Whatever did you waste your money on that for?" exclaimed Mompas. "I told you that I knew the cast!"

"A dramatic critic must have a programme,"

replied the medical student; "he would be nowhere without one! How could he hide his yawns, or his sleepy countenance, if he had not a programme?"

"I promised to see Miss Frere to-night," said Mompas.

"Then you must see her to-morrow night instead," replied Carroll. "Duty first; love after."

The overture was finished; the curtain drew up on a side-splitting farce. Mr. Mompas took his note-book from his pocket, watched the play with a critical eye, and every now and then jotted down a few remarks upon the acting.

"Look at our critic and his note-book!" whispered Carroll to Boyne.

"He is at work in earnest," replied Gerald.

"Let me have a peep at your note-book," said Carroll to Mompas, after the play was finished.

The clerk handed it to him, and Carroll read in it:—"The 'Barber's Shop' is one of the merriest little pieces upon the stage at the present time. Its humour is rich and unforced. From the moment the curtain rises until it falls,

the laughter of the audience is almost continuous, and is never produced by indecent allusions, as is the case with many of the mirth-provoking productions of some modern dramatic authors."

"By Jove!" said Carroll, "there's a peroration for you, Boyne! You'll do, Mompas. That touch about the indecent illusions is well suited to the moral character of the journal to which you will have the honour to belong. Let us see what follows: only short notes.

"Scene open in shop of a country barber. Barber (Hecks) shaving a customer. He quarrels with him because he happens to be the brother of a lord's gardener (Hecks is a radical). Customer goes off in a huff, and declares that he will never enter Hecks's shop again. Hecks cries out that he does not want him to, and that if he does he will soon kick him out again.—John Trump (the barber's young man) tells his master that he is driving all his best customers away by his absurdly strong political opinions, and that, if he does not turn over a new leaf, his business will go to the dogs, and that he will be bankrupt. Hecks promises to behave more civilly to the

next customer that comes to the shop. Another customer enters. Whilst Hecks is lathering him, a third customer appears on the scene. Trump takes him. Just as they have both shaved half of the faces of both of their customers, an acquaintance enters and asks for a few moments' private conversation. Hecks leaves his customer, and walks over to the newcomer. From their conference, it appears that two gentlemen, rejoicing in the names of Poker and Locks, refuse to be on the committee of a 'Grand Procession and Open-air Meeting in favour of a Bill for enabling workmen to be troubled with only three hours and a quarter's work a day.' Hecks says that, if they are not on the committee, not half the people will attend, so they must be on the committee. He asks where they are, and is told that they are at a public-house called the 'Pup and Pistol.' Hecks declares that he must see them at once, and rushes out of the shop with his friend (Noddle), leaving his customer, Mr. Biggs, only half shaved. Biggs asks Trump who is going to finish his face. Trump, who has just finished one half of his customer's, replies timidly that he will. Biggs says that,

if he does not finish shaving him directly, he won't pay him a single farthing. Trump leaves off shaving Popham, and goes towards Biggs; upon which Popham says, in a complaining tone, that he will be finished before Mr. Biggs. The two customers quarrel over Trump's services. They start up from their chairs, slash away at each other's faces, scattering the soap-suds all over them. Trump tries to pacify them, and is landed on the floor for his pains. In the end, both these customers shake hands, and walk off arm-in-arm to a barber's at the bottom of the town, although Trump offers to shave them for nothing, so that they shall not leave the shop 'unfinished pieces of work.' Whilst Trump is dismally lamenting that their business has 'gone to pot,' Mrs. Hecks and her daughter Mary make their appearance. Mrs. Hecks scolds Trump for allowing his master to go out, knowing that he is a political maniac. Trump replies that since the wife of his bosom could not keep Hecks from Noddle, how was it possible that he could keep his master from that fascinating individual? Mrs. Hecks takes her exit in a rage. Mary asks Trump not to mind what her mother says.

Then follows a little love-passage, in which Mary declares that she loves John Trump, in spite of his having been born in a workhouse. Presently, the father is seen approaching the shop-door, accompanied by Noddle and several other of his Republican friends. Mary flees at their approach, but not before Trump has thrown a chain to which a locket is suspended, and which the worthy John says must serve for an engaged ring, around her neck. Mr. Hecks and his roistering Radical crew enter, and create such an uproar that his wife appears and asks what is the matter. Her tongue is more than a match for her husband's (good spouter as he considered himself), and for Noddle and his following, who are soon discomfited, and beat a hasty retreat. Mrs. Hecks then upbraids her husband for letting his good business go to ruin, and advises him to retire and live in a cottage in the country, as Trump can carry on the business better than he can. Hecks replies, angrily, that it is always Trump, and nothing else but Trump, and that it is a pity she cannot marry Trump. His wife tells him that his daughter is going to espouse Trump. He fumes at first at his daughter's

marrying a brat born in a workhouse, who does not know its mother's name; but, on Mary's saying that she loves Trump, and on Trump's asking him if he has not always been honest and faithful to him, he gives his consent. Just as they all seem happy and comfortable, a person looks in through the shop-door, and calls out that a man named Sniggle has 'bolted.' Hecks sinks down on a chair, and says that he is ruined. It turns out that he has affixed his name to a bill for Sniggle. Trump offers twenty pounds he has in the savings bank. Hecks replies that he's in for a hundred. Trump is crestfallen, but in a moment dances about in such ecstasy that both his sweetheart and her mother think that he must have suddenly become crazy. Trump says that he has conceived a brilliant idea, which is that Hicks shall make over the business to him at once, pass through the Bankruptcy Court, get whitewashed, and let Bob Welch (a country usurer) whistle for his money. When they are discussing this project, a stranger comes in, who turns out to be Hecks's long-lost brother Bill. He is an Australian millionaire, and, on his recognizing the locket

around his niece's neck (which contains a likeness of himself in his younger days), it is discovered that Trump is the son of an old love of his. He says that all his wealth is to be left to Trump and his niece; that his brother is to retire into private life, and give up his political companions; that the barber's pole is to be taken down, and the barber's shop closed. Sumpner, whom I consider the greatest English farcical comedian, was superb in the character of the barber Hecks; the little bit of pathos which he had to introduce was as telling as his merriment. Mr. Varley was excellent in the part of 'Trump'; his timidity and faithfulness were admirably portrayed, and his love-making was exquisite. Mrs. Murrall was a capital 'Mrs. Hecks.' She adds greatly to the success of the little play. She is one of the few good actresses who condescend to play low comedy (so called) or old women. Miss Warren was pretty as 'Mary'; the customers were tolerable, but the 'Noddle' was abominable. Why does not this excellent manager obtain a better 'Noddle'?"

"You'll be able to give a good *résumé* of the plot from those notes," observed Carroll,

"and at present you have said nothing to wound an actress's vanity; but you must not ask why this excellent manager does not obtain a better 'Noddle,' or he may refer it to his own 'noddle,' and then you would lose a champagne supper and a bribe."

"I am above champagne suppers and bribes," replied Mompas.

"I would not be rash. Wait until they are offered. If you hit a manager hard once or twice, they are sure to come."

The curtain again soon drew up for Shakespeare's sweet love-tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet.' We will not give Mr. Mompas's notes, as we mean to give his critique.

As soon as the play was over, they hastened home; and as soon as Mr. Mompas had finished his supper, Carroll made him commence his critiques, giving him plenty of advice as to what he should write and as to what was better left out.

On the morrow, Carroll again presented himself at the chambers of his friend in the Temple.

"Here are two specimens for you to read," said he, laying down the Government clerk's critiques in front of Ralston.

"Already!" exclaimed the writer, in a tone of surprise. "I did not expect them so soon."

"I made him go and see 'Romeo and Juliet' last night," replied Carroll, "and this is the result. I hope it will prove to your liking. The only fault I find with it is that it may be too severe."

"Oh!" said Ralston, laughing, "I don't mind that. We don't expect any theatrical advertisements, so we cannot lose anything by the severity of our critic. In fact, it may do us good—give us a name for conscientiousness, which some of our contemporaries would give a Jew's eye for."

"Well, read them," said Carroll.

"You are as eager about them as if they were your own."

"He's a very old friend of mine, and I want to do him a little good, if I can."

"Let us see what he has made of 'Romeo and Juliet,'" said Ralston, glancing at the papers. "Ah, this is the one!" Then he commenced reading from it:—"To write of the beauties of this play of our greatest dramatist would be superfluous as well as impertinent,

after the number of eminent critics, both English and foreign, who have devoted their pens and their learning to the elucidation of them. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a few brief remarks about the performers. Miss Morton looked the part of 'Juliet' to perfection; she is young and handsome, and her lustrous dark eyes seem filled with Southern fire. She has passion, tenderness, and sense, but also one grave defect—affectation. This defect marred the effect of some of her finest scenes. The balcony scene was quite spoiled by her affected manner and intonation. Surely some kind friend would do well to point out her fault to her, and endeavour to convince her of her error. But it is very difficult to convince pretty women of their errors, and much more difficult to do so when they are pretty actresses. As long as a woman on the stage is pretty, not so stupid as to be unable to learn the traditional business of the parts which she undertakes, and to execute it gracefully, she is at once run after by everybody, women as well as men, and is puffed up by the press as a great artist, when she is, in reality, no artist at all. These remarks, of

course, do not refer to Miss Morton, who has great talent, if not genius. If she could but get rid of her affectation, she would be a much better actress than she now is. We trust that she will take our advice as that of a friend who wishes her well, and will endeavour to do so. Mrs. Murrall's 'Nurse' could not easily have been improved on. This lady is perfect in her line of acting. Of equal merit was Mr. Sumpner's 'Peter.' Mrs. Jackson was all that could be desired as 'Lady Capulet,' and Mr. Jones was a very fair 'Capulet.' The 'Mercutio' was Mr. Hunter, and a very good 'Mercutio' indeed he presented. It would have been a better one if it had been a little lighter; but then Mr. Hunter's range of characters is so numerous and so various that he can be pardoned for not being quite a light comedian. His delivery of 'Queen Mab' was excellent. Of the 'Romeo' of Mr. Fontainville not one good word can be said. This gentleman is a good actor in a certain range of grotesque comic and gaunt melo-dramatic characters which he now disdains to play. His love-making in 'Romeo' reminds one of his 'Malvolio.' His personality totally unfits him for the cha-

racters in which he has lately figured. His figure is both ungainly and ungraceful; his gait shambling; his voice harsh, hard, and monotonous. How a man, with these qualifications, can pretend to play Romeo, I cannot imagine. His lanky legs stagger over the stage like a couple of drunken muskets. The populace like him, though, and he is the idol and the model of all spouting city clerks. It is our opinion that Mr. Fontainville's tragedy is an utter failure. The parts in which he is really excellent are such as 'Malvolio,' 'Adriano de Armado,' &c., and (had he but a more elegant walk) he would probably play the Ghost in 'Hamlet' well. He is not a great actor; but, in his proper line, he is a good one. The other parts were filled by performers unworthy of notice. One gentleman did not even know his lines. The play was excellently mounted, as the pieces produced at this theatre always are. If a little of the care expended on the mounting had been used in finding a better 'Romeo,' a better 'Friar Laurence,' and more efficient representatives of the inferior parts, we should have been able to have bestowed more praise upon the management."

"That will do, with a little cutting. Your friend will be a slasher."

"Don't you think he has pitched into Fontainville rather too much?" said Carroll.

"Not a bit," replied Ralston. "That man's vanity and presumption want a check. His reputation in tragic parts is totally undeserved. He is admirable in some comic and some melodramatic parts, as your friend says; but his tragedy is a burlesque! Well, you can inform your friend that he is appointed dramatic critic to the *Weekly Mirror*, and that the new journal will require his services before three weeks have passed. You had better bring him to see me."

"You're dramatic critic to the *Weekly Mirror*, old fellow," said Carroll to Mompas, when they met that evening.

"Am I?" said Mompas, looking both surprised and pleased.

"Yes; and you can slash away at that ass, Fontainville, as much as you like, so long as you keep clear of the law, for Ralston is no greater friend to him than you are."

"I must say," replied the government clerk, "that I shall enjoy having a few cuts at that

most insufferably conceited player. The puffing of critics and the applause of audiences devoid of all artistic sense have made him think himself a theatrical phenomenon, when, in reality, he is but a second-class actor."

"Your editor wants an interview with you, so you may as well go round to his chambers with me one night," remarked Carroll.

A short time after Miss Frere called in to see Mrs. Carroll.

"Do you know what I am?" asked Mompas, with a face beaming with joy, of Ethel.

"Very silly, sometimes," replied that young lady, laughing.

"I may be; but," said the clerk, with great dignity, "Miss Frere, I am also the dramatic censor of the *Weekly Mirror*!"

"Whatever is he talking about?" inquired Ethel of Carroll.

"It's quite true," said the medical student.

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Mompas, "I can damn a play, or make an actor tear his hair in wild despair, with as much coolness as Carroll will kill his patients, after he has passed his second college!"

"You two go out and take a smoke, or go

down and spend half an hour or so with Mr. Boyne," said Lucy to Mompas and Carroll, "for I have something to say to Miss Frere."

"A fine thing to be ordered out of doors by one's wife!" exclaimed the student, in pretended anger, as he and the clerk took their departure.

"I wonder what secrets they have to tell each other," said Mr. Mompas.

"They are plotting mischief, or talking scandal, I expect," replied his friend.

Mr. Carroll was wrong. For once, two women had a little private conversation together without doing either the one or the other. As Gerald was not at home, the two friends decided upon taking a walk and a smoke. We will leave them to the calm enjoyment of the soothing weed, and return to the two ladies.

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